

# The Sketch

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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 31, 1909.

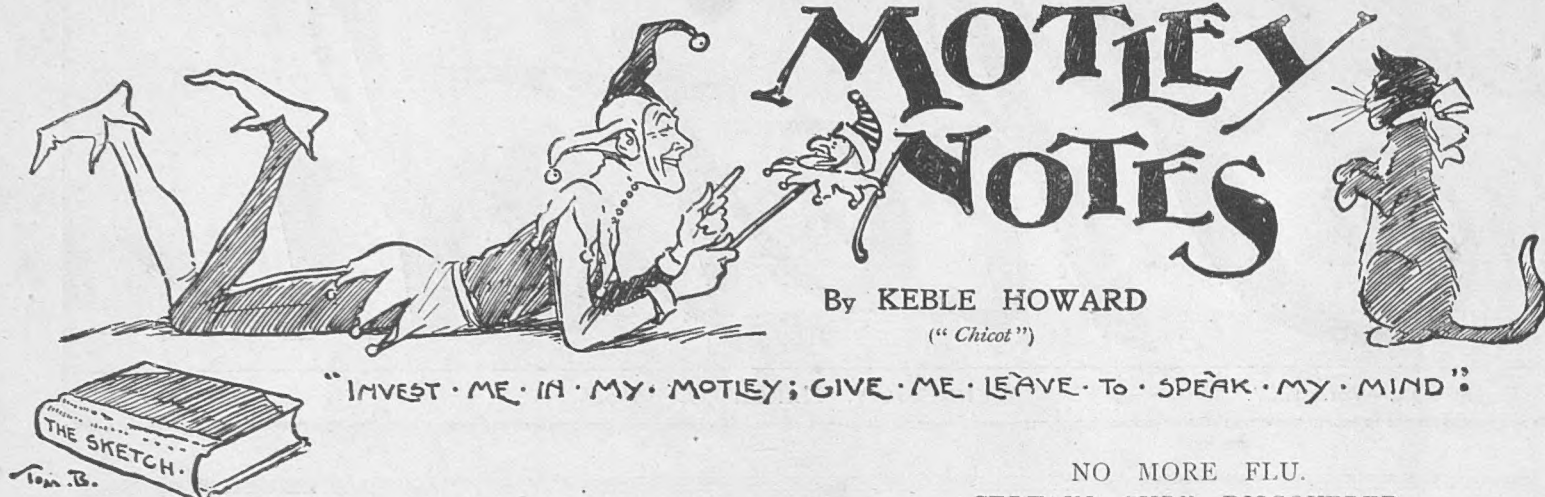
SIXPENCE.



MADE A MERRY WIDOW BY THE "FLU.": MISS EMMY WEHLEN, WHO IS PLAYING SONIA AT DALY'S.

When last we published some portraits of Miss Wehlen it was uncertain when Londoners would see her. The uncertainty no longer exists, for the young actress is playing Sonia, Miss Lily Elsie's part, in "The Merry Widow," at Daly's. Miss Elsie is out of the cast for a fortnight, that she may have opportunity to recover from a sharp attack of "flu," and Miss Wehlen is appearing in her stead for that time. On Miss Elsie's return, Miss Wehlen will understudy her. The new Merry Widow was born at Mannheim, has acted with much success in musical plays at Munich and other places on the Continent, and made her greatest "hit" as a comédienne in "Mitternachtsmädchen." In five months she has learned to speak English well.—[Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.]





#### A Loaded Revolver.

Thrifty housewives tell us that there is some use for everything. I have managed, nevertheless, to puzzle several thrifty housewives by putting to them, suddenly, this simple question: "What is the use of a revolving-door?" I did not put the question arrogantly, in the tone of one who had long since made up his mind that revolving-doors were useless. I merely asked for information. The answers of the thrifty housewives were varied. Some would say, confidently, that a revolving-door looked more imposing than the ordinary swing-door. Others maintained that the revolving-door obviated draughts. One, I remember, thought them amusing for the children on wet days. It has been left, all the same, to a New York thief to discover the business value of the revolving-door. This ingenious soul jumped into the same compartment of a revolving-door with a certain Mrs. Frederick Brown. It was probably the sight of Mrs. Brown's purse that inspired him, for Mrs. Brown was a-shopping. "He pushed Mrs. Brown ahead of him," says one of my daily papers, "and got the door to revolve as fast as he could. At the same time he snatched her purse." You can see Mrs. Frederick Brown and the energetic thief going round and round on their morning caper. Mrs. Brown, naturally, was the first to get dazed. She was not accustomed to violent door-exercise.

#### In the Name of Our Nation.

So far, so exciting. Hear the sequel. "When the compartment was open into the store the thief suddenly shot Mrs. Brown on to the floor inside." By this time, you see, they had come to know each other pretty well. Friendship soon ripens to love when you are prancing round and round in one and the same compartment of a revolving-door. "The thief did not stop, but went on round with the revolving-door as fast as he could, and then darted into the street." Why, you ask, should he have continued to revolve after the exit of Mrs. Brown? One can only suppose that, at some earlier period in his career, he had been an actor; the old spirit of artistry would scarcely allow him to leave the stage immediately on the heels of the leading lady. "When finally arrested by the police the man fought desperately, and did not surrender until he had been severely beaten. He declared that the revolving-door idea was all his own." What a man! What a hero! In the agony of capitulation he did not forget to lay claim to the splendid idea of making a practical use of the revolving-door. We have not heard the last, I fancy, of this magnificent fellow. Should America reject him, there is room for him in England. He might tell us what to do with that obsolete functionary —; or that grossly over-paid, blackmailing rascal, the —. In the meantime, he has robbed me of my conversational opening with the thrifty housewife.

#### With Compliments to the Colonel.

I have received a very charming letter from Colonel Massy, C.B., F.R.G.S., inviting me to become a member of the Aerial League of the British Empire. I regret that I am unable to avail myself of Colonel Massy's invitation, the chief reason being that I am strongly opposed to all forms of aeronautics as practised by humans and four-footed animals. If certain fish insist upon flying they must, of course, do so, but I will not encourage men and elephants to hoist themselves out of their natural element, thereby endangering life, spoiling the view, and making the whole business of life even more ridiculous than it is at present.

#### NO MORE FLU. CERTAIN CURE DISCOVERED. INVENTOR INTERVIEWED. (SPECIAL TO "THE SKETCH.")

Mrs. Alf. Harris, 899, Angel Terrace, Todcaster, will be celebrated in history as the woman who did more for the health of the nation—ay, of the world—than all the doctors and physicians combined. To come to the point with our well-known celerity, Mrs. Alf. Harris has discovered an infallible cure for influenza. The astounding point about this discovery is this: the cure costs you nothing. It is within the reach of all, from millionaire to pauper. Mrs. Harris asks no other recompense than the right to benefit mankind. It is true that it would be impossible for her to make money out of the cure, since it cannot be patented. None the less, we may give Mrs. Harris the credit of being that *rara avis*, a genuine philanthropist.

It was with a view to gleaning some details of this marvellous cure from the fair lips of Mrs. Harris herself that a representative of *The Sketch* called upon her one morning recently at her charming bijou residence, 899, Angel Terrace, Todcaster.

"Yes," said Mrs. Harris, in reply to our representative's eager query; "it is quite true that I have an infallible cure—or I should say, perhaps, to speak quite correctly, preventive—for influenza."

"May one learn, without appearing presumptuous, what it is?"

"Speaking through the nose," said Mrs. Harris simply. "I am not surprised," she continued, with a bright, pleasant smile, "that you are astonished at the simplicity of my recipe. Its very simplicity, indeed, rendered it doubly difficult for me to convince my friends of its efficacy. At last, however, I have conquered. I do not think you will find a single influenza patient in Angel Terrace."

"Indeed? Then I may take it that all the residents of Angel Terrace speak—er—in the way you have described?"

"Yes, we all speak through our noses. You need not be afraid to state the case in so many words. We are not ashamed of it. Indeed, we glory in our freedom from the plague that is devastating England. Listen!"

I did so. From the sounds that reached me, there could be no doubt that my informant spoke truly.

"When I feel a cold coming on," continued Mrs. Harris, "this is what I do. Having first of all thrown all my doors and windows wide open, I next proceed to fill my lungs with air. I then expel the air through my nose, at the same time striking the highest note in my register. Let me give you an example."

Before our representative could find words in which to beseech her to spare herself so much trouble, the brilliant lady had emitted a piercing nasal scream that literally shook the ornaments upon the mantelpiece. Life in Angel Terrace is evidently run on neighbourly lines, for the sound was at once taken up and repeated, on varying notes, from end to end of the terrace.

"There!" said Mrs. Harris, with a pardonably proud smile.

"Wonderful! Wonderful!"

"I can do it again if you wish it?"

"On no account. I should not dream of trespassing so far upon your good nature. One more word. How did you come to light upon this great discovery?"

"My husband," said Mrs. Harris, "was a professional tenor singer. He never suffered from colds."

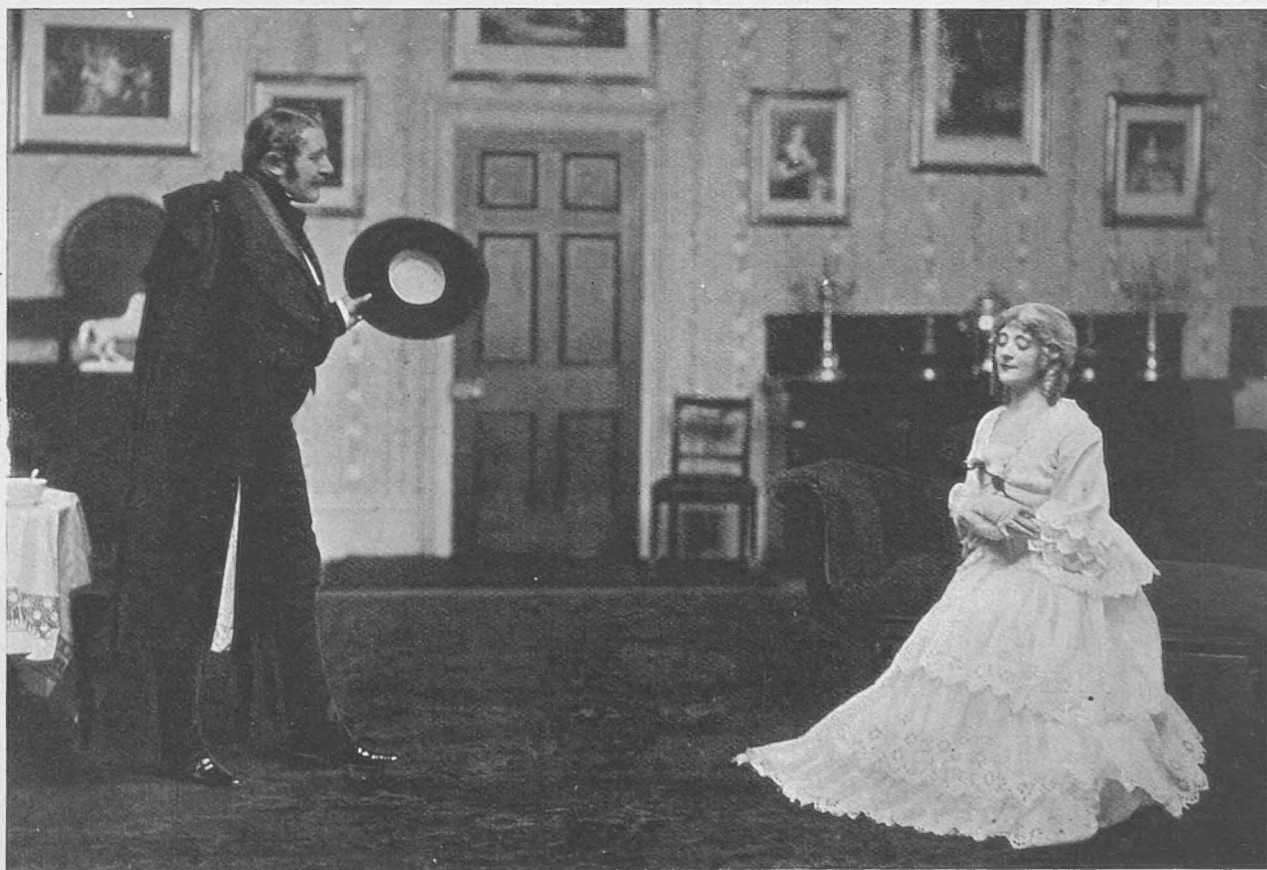
"He is, I trust, alive and well?"

"No. He was unfortunately run over by a tram-car some years ago."

Feeling that he had inadvertently touched upon a somewhat sad page in Mrs. Harris's otherwise gay chronicle, our representative thanked her warmly and withdrew.



"THE NOBLE SPANIARD," THE MERRY WIDOW,  
AND THE COQUETTISH WIFE: THE "VICTORIAN FARCE" AT THE ROYALTY.



1. THE DUKE OF HERMANOS, MARQUESS OF ALCALA, A KNIGHT OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE, AND A GRANDEE OF SPAIN WITH THE RIGHT TO WEAR 'IS 'AT IN THE PRESENCE OF THE KING (OTHERWISE MR. CHARLES HAWTREY) TALKS MATTERS OVER WITH LADY PROUDFOOT (BETTER KNOWN AS MISS FANNY BROUGH), THE COQUETTISH OLD LADY WHO BELIEVES HIM TO BE IN LOVE WITH HER.

2. THE DUKE OF HERMANOS, ETC., ETC. (OTHERWISE MR. CHARLES HAWTREY) PERSISTS IN PAYING HIS ADDRESSES TO THE WIDOWED MRS. NAIRNE (FAMILIARLY CALLED MISS KATE CUTLER), AND IS REPULSED, TEMPORARILY, AS A MATTER OF TACTICS.

Mr. Somerset Maugham's "Victorian farce" (an adaptation from the French) deals with the love affair of the Duke of Hermanos and the merry widow, Mrs. Nairne. It is conceived in the true farcical spirit, and complication follows complication, that fun may ensue.—[Photographs by the Dover Street Studios.]



# QUITE PERSONAL: PEOPLE OF THE DAY AND HOUR.



THE "PRODIGY" VIOLINIST WHO PLAYS WITH A TOY THEATRE: KALMAN RÉV, THE TWELVE-YEAR-OLD HUNGARIAN WONDER-CHILD.

Kalman Rév, who claims to rank with the greatest child violinists, made his début in this country on Sunday last, at the Albert Hall. He was born in December, 1896, son of the owners of a small inn. At the age of eight he made himself a violin—a wooden box with strings of twine, and on this he taught himself his first music. A toy theatre provides him with his recreation. His real surname is Rosenberg.—[Photograph by Rakos.]



THE WIFE AND FAMILY OF THE KING OF SPAIN: THE QUEEN OF SPAIN WITH THE PRINCE OF ASTURIAS AND HIS BROTHER.

It may be recalled that the marriage of the King of Spain to Princess Victoria Eugenie, daughter of the late Prince Henry of Battenberg and Princess Beatrice of Great Britain, took place in May of 1906, amidst great rejoicing. The popularity of their Majesties was enhanced in somewhat tragic manner, by the attempt made upon their lives on their wedding day. This popularity is ever-growing. The King and Queen both, by their manner, seem to have won the hearts of their people, who rejoice with them also in the knowledge that the succession to the throne is doubly secured—no small matter in these days, and not a comforting thought for "Pretenders" or distant heirs.

*Photograph by Speaight.*



MARRIED TO MISS MAUDI DARRELL: MR. JOHN BULLOUGH, SON OF THE LATE JOHN BULLOUGH, THE ACCRINGTON MILLIONAIRE.

As we note under the portrait of Miss Maud Darrell that appears elsewhere in this number, Mr. Bullough is a son of the late John Bullough, of Accrington, a millionaire. Mrs. Bullough has announced her intention of leaving the stage for good and all, and will not even appear at charity matinées; thus the stage loses a young actress who has done excellent work and has won much popularity.—[Photograph by Mayall.]



VICTIM OF A SERIOUS ACCIDENT IN THE HUNTING-FIELD: VISCOUNTESS CRICHTON.

Lady Crichton was hunting with the North Staffordshire Hounds last week, when her horse fell after taking a fence, and rolled over her. She had several ribs broken, and it is feared that she is otherwise seriously hurt. Lady Crichton is a daughter of the first Duke of Westminster. She married Lord Crichton, an Equerry to the Prince of Wales, in 1903.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]



ENGAGED TO LORD ESME GORDON-LENNOX: THE HON. HERMIONE FELLOWES.

Captain Lord Esme Gordon-Lennox is the second son of the Duke of Richmond, Lennox and Gordon, and was born in 1875. He is a captain in the Scots Guards, and has seen service in South Africa and in Southern Nigeria with the West African Frontier Force. The Hon. Hermione Fellowes is the third of Lord de Ramsey's four daughters, and was born in 1886.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]



# THE MEN WHO GIVE LONDON THE BLUES. AND THE SPIRIT OF THE BOAT-RACE.



## THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE CREWS; AND MISS VALLI VALLI AS THE SPIRIT OF THE BOAT-RACE.

OXFORD (on left): Mr. A. W. F. Donkin, Magdalen (cox); 1. Mr. A. C. Gladstone, Christchurch (bow); 2. Mr. H. R. Barker, Christchurch (2); 3. Mr. C. R. Cudmore, Magdalen (3); 4. Mr. A. S. Garton, Magdalen (4); 5. Mr. D. Mackinnon, Magdalen (5); 6. Mr. J. A. Gillan, Magdalen (6); 7. Mr. A. G. Kirby, Magdalen (7); 8. Mr. R. C. Bourne, New (stroke). CAMBRIDGE (on right): Mr. G. D. Compston, Trinity Hall (cox); 1. Mr. R. W. M. Arbuthnot, First Trinity (bow); 2. Mr. H. E. Swanston, Jesus (2); 3. Mr. G. L. Thomson, Trinity Hall (3); 4. Mr. H. E. Kitching, Trinity Hall (4); 5. Mr. E. G. Williams, Third Trinity (5); 6. Mr. J. B. Rosher, First Trinity (6); 7. Mr. E. S. Hornidge, Trinity Hall (7); 8. Mr. D. C. R. Stuart, Trinity Hall (stroke). At the moment of writing, it is uncertain whether Mr. Arbuthnot or Mr. G. E. Fairbairn will row bow for Cambridge. At present, Mr. Fairbairn being ill, Mr. Arbuthnot is rowing in his place.

*Photograph of Miss Valli Valli by Sarony; the Oxford Crew by Moyse; the Cambridge Crew by Stearn.*



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Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and  
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 drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

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PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.



# BRUMMELL

## IDIOT & PHILOSOPHER

By COSMO HAMILTON

Bein' Still Frail.

I'm writin' another dose of absolutely indispensable rot

from no less a place than Eastbourne. What!

Yes, somethin' must be and is the matter in that I—watch "in that," will you, please—of all old Bees should be at such a place at such a moment. Ah well, there it is, d'y'see. Doctor's orders. Needed sea air, so I was told. Refused to go to Brighton, because I knew that a man was stayin' there who wears a tie that jars my system, and I knew that the constant sight of it would throw me back. Because, if I may talk about myself for one moment—a thing I hate doin'—I'm still frail. I'm still conscious of the fact that I possess organs; and when a man's conscious of the fact that he possesses things like those life is not all that it should be, d'y'see? For I hold, and hold tight, that the one and only thing a man should be certain that he possesses is an appetite. Then all's well. However, touchin' Eastbourne. If you like it—well, there's no law that you shouldn't. If you don't like it you never will, and if you don't know it keep on don'ting. It's a sort of tabloid Brighton. It's Brighton after havin' been squeezed both sides. It's just asphalt and rails and shrubs on top, bricks and shelters and shingle below; and there's a muddy sea, always either comin' in or goin' out, and grey, all grey, except where it turns over and rumbles, and that's white. There's a pier with a blob at the end, and there are large droppin' electric lights hangin' from stiff iron posts with hideously decorative freehand tops. At one end of the front there's no end at all, and in the middle of the other end there's a sort of stone fort sittin' meaninglessly in the middle of a mound of grass, and there are two statues. One looks like a Tommy in fancy dress, and the other doesn't look like anything except one of the Dukes of Devonshire.

Rain and Wind  
and Things.

In between heavy downpours of rain it blows, but the in-betweens are so short that the only thing to do is to give up tryin' to keep dry. From my windows on the front I see and hear the same things all the time—the patterin' of rain on asphalt, the plop, plop, plop of the seaside cab-horse, trained to go four miles an hour, the incessant noise of energetic water pursuin' its unnecessary functions, the clatter of seaside horses, on which are mounted young girls learnin' one of the polite and jerky accomplishments, the intermittent tunes from the band-stand, the slish of passin' motors, and the wavin' of strands of leafless creepers—the reluctant toys of the wind. When takin' exercise on the under front—where the élite sit and whistle in their odds and ends of dogs, and pass scathin' remarks about other people's hats in the inevitable seaside way—I pass the time by studyin' the Eastbourne man and boy. It has struck me at

Brighton, and it strikes me here, that there is no man so unmanly as the seaside man. Always in attempted tweeds and a bilious-tinged macintosh, with pipe in mouth and cap drawn down low at the back, he slouches about, goin' in and comin' out with the idiotic regularity of the tide, doin' nothin', sayin' nothin', lookin' like nothin', cultivatin' an air of ineffable superiority, a master of the ozone stare.

The Seaside  
Woman.

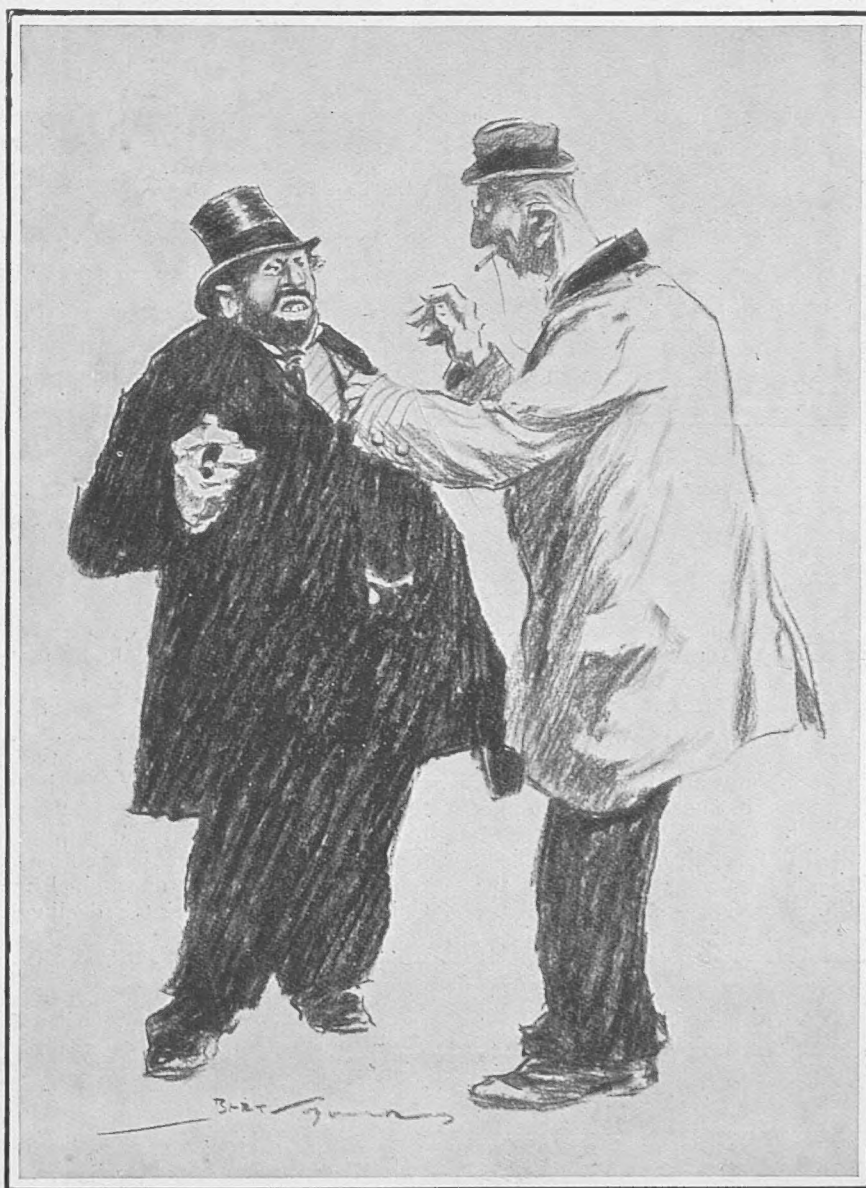
Here also, of course, are the usual seaside women, mostly small, in short skirts, in Paris hats that were made in Manchester, and got no further than Dover, with brown stockings, and blue veils, and ties of

bastard club colours, who sit, doin' nothin', sayin' nothin', neither bored nor amused, just seasidish, who look at your feet, at your eyes, and quickly at your feet again, without appearin' to look at either, but hopin' that you will think so. This seaside habit of doin' nothin' and meanin' nothin' and sayin' nothin' is brought about from the fact that there is nothin' to do, nothin' to talk about, and nothin' to see. Once, off the front, you find yourself in one or other of the smug roads lined with houses of dull stone, each with a blatant name like Montenegro, or Appendicitis, nearly all with a label round a pillar, bearin' the magic and much-to-be-avoided word "Apartments." When they don't let lodgings they call themselves private hotels, because they are too large for lodgin'-houses and too small for hotels; and it doesn't matter which road you crawl unwittingly up, you are bound to come to Devonshire Park.

The Youngs and  
Youngishers.

Here you find—calm all excitement—a white shed, inside which you will inevitably discover all the young, youngish, and strenuously young women of the town on roller-skates goin' round and round and round, under the biggest hats they can find, with rovin'

eyes. Here also are the younger men—I say men, because the word I want won't go into print. Although it's a movin' scene, it is still peculiar to seashores, because the movement is meaningless and the floor is the usual asphalt. Within a stone's-throw of this place there is a really charmin' little theatre, which, although quite old, has not yet been discovered by the residents of Eastbourne. All round it there are huge bills announcing the great attraction of the week, and on all these bills there are red slips givin' out that the show is an instantaneous success. However, be these things as they may, there is—and you can't dodge it—the ozone, that mysterious something which gives a fillip to the Londoner and drugs the seashore into a condition of perennial comatosity. And that's the reason visitors get well as quickly as possible and go away. Do you follow me?



NOT IMPOSSIBLE.

THE TOPPER: You must have had an awful fright when you awoke and found the place burning.

THE TRILBY: My dear feller, vy I vos as vite as your shirt—no, viter than that!





# THE CLUBMAN

Lieutenant Shackleton.

We Britons have become accustomed to using superlatives far too freely. It is one of the symptoms of this age of nerves and hysteria that we magnify everything, that our boasts are frantic and our scares pitiable, that we call a man who plays well in a football match a hero, and that all successes are triumphs. Therefore, when we talk of such a man as Lieutenant Shackleton has proved himself to be, we have no term to use more laudatory than we apply to some vigorous forward, and we unintentionally class his deeds with the production of some fairly successful play. But Lieutenant Shackleton is in that rank of heroes whose names go down to posterity, of whom their country is proud. Just now, when we are all feeling a little down-hearted at seeing our supremacy in sport and in more serious matters slipping away from us, it is a moral tonic to find that in exploration we are still the kings of the world, and that this country still breeds men with the determination to overcome such tremendous natural difficulties as those which faced Lieutenant Shackleton and his men.

Frost-Bite.

It requires some imagination to conceive what the cold must have been that this little band of heroes endured. We in England shiver and order extra blankets to be put on our beds, and keep fires going day and night, and send for more fuel from the coal merchant if the thermometer shows more than ten degrees of frost; but these men were working hard on twenty ounces of food a day in a temperature between seventy and ninety degrees below freezing-point. The cold was so intense that they were frost-bitten in their sleeping-bags. This seems to me to be the very acme of dangerous discomfort. Bed always carries with it the suggestion of warmth, and there is a Dantesque horror in a climate so cold that even one's bed is no protection against it.

Pony-Meat.

That the men fell ill through eating pony flesh on their return journey to the ship recalls the evil days of the siege of Ladysmith, when horse-meat was the only ration, and the garrison loathed it. There is a sweetness in the flesh of horse or pony which, when one eats the meat for the first time, only strikes one as being curious, but which becomes unendurable when the only rations for a long space of time are horse-meat. How physically weak the garrison of Ladysmith were when the relievers marched in is still in the memory of all men; and that these Arctic explorers were attacked by the most weakening of all illnesses, brought on by eating the meat, must have added tremendously to the difficulties of the retreat before the invincible forces of King Frost. I know by experience what dysentery means, and not the least of its cruel effects is the feeling of hopelessness and helplessness that it brings.

Manchurian Ponies.

I am sure the men must have been sorry to shoot the Manchurian ponies—Chinaman, Grisi, Quan, and Socks—for a sailor will make a pet of any animal, even of a Manchu pony. They are shaggy, shapeless beasts, with the temper of a Chinaman. Every living Chinese thing seems to be queer-tempered, obstinate, and sullen. The lower-class Chinaman is a curious, stubborn, enduring human creature, who does not seem to appreciate kindness, and has curious fits of obstinacy. Anyone who has owned a Chow dog knows that, even

if all its ancestors for generations have lived in England, it still has the true Chinese temper and the true Chinese self-will. And the Chinese pony has exactly the same qualities, good and bad. Nothing ever seems to tire the animal, and it appears to thrive on a diet of sticks and straw; but no amount of beating or spurring will induce it to go anywhere where it does not choose to go; and if it wants to go anywhere, no rider can stop it from going there, for the animals have mouths of iron.

Chinese Chargers. In Hong-Kong,

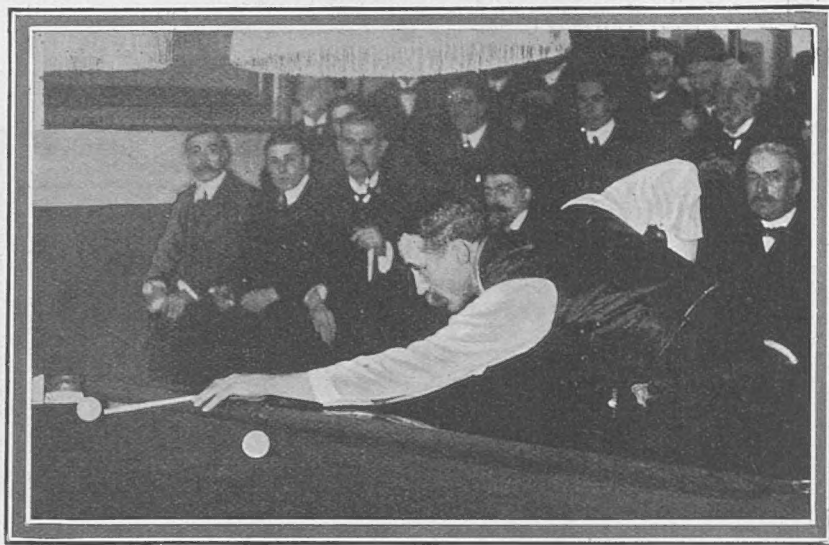
when I was quartered there some twenty odd years ago, those of us who had to appear mounted on parade made use of Manchu ponies as chargers. The General possessed a big Australian horse, and so did the Colonel of the regiment in garrison;

but the rest of us—on Queen's Birthday parade, and the few other occasions when we had to appear mounted—bestrode the Chinese ponies, most of which had been imported from Manchuria as "griffins"—unbroken ponies, which might or might not develop into racers. On one ceremonial occasion I had to carry an order from the General to the officer commanding the infantry regiment just as the *feu-de-joie* was about to be fired. The rifles were discharged almost in the pony's face, but he faced them with philosophic calm, whereas a horse of any other breed would have jumped out of its skin; but when, later in the day, the General dispatched me on another message to the Colonel, the pony resolutely declined to go anywhere near a man with a rifle in his hand.

Griffin-Racing in Hong-Kong.

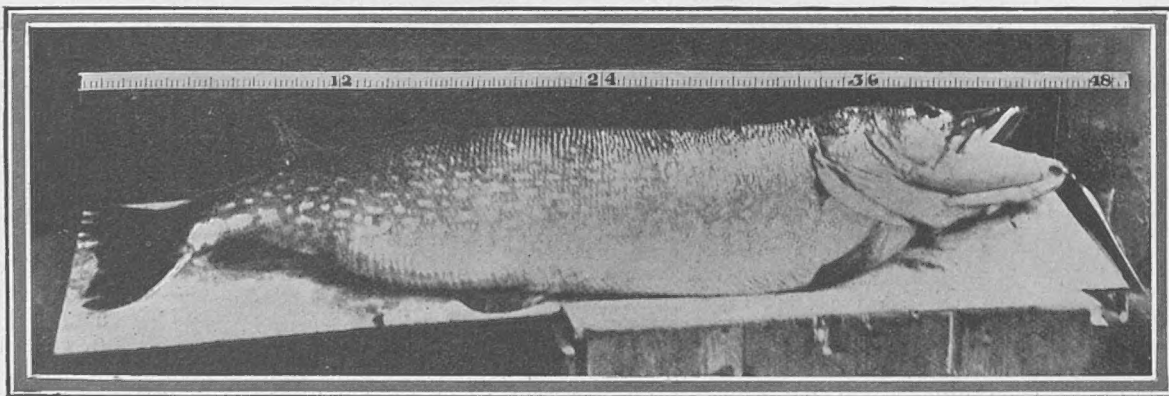
The "griffins" I have just alluded to were imported in order to give the comparatively poor men in Hong-Kong with a taste for sport a chance of owning a

racing-pony and of winning prizes. The ponies were drawn by lot. One man would obtain an animal which was extraordinarily fast, another man might get a beast fit only to draw a fish-cart; but they were all put into training; and even if one did not win a cup, the training of one's griffin was a great amusement. The riding of a Chinese pony in a race was an art in itself, for one had to ride as if finishing every yard of the course, and the strongest light-weight man was the best jockey.



THE NEW AMATEUR BILLIARD CHAMPION: MAJOR H. L. FLEMING.

The Amateur Billiard Champion for 1909 won his title from Mr. H. C. Virr, who held it for two years. When about to make a stroke, the Major sights along the line of the cue as he would through rifle-sights. In addition to being the Amateur Billiard Champion, Major Fleming is one of the best cricketers of Scotland, a good golfer and polo-player, a very successful gentleman jockey on the flat and over hurdles, and a soldier who has seen active service with the 36th Regiment of Sikhs.—[Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.]



A FACT, THOUGH CONCERNED WITH FISHERMEN! THE 37½-LB. PIKE CAUGHT IN THE HAMPSHIRE STOUR.

The pike is a record for English and Scottish streams. It weighs 37½ lb., is 45 in. long, and has a girth of 24 in. A 4 ft. 6½ in. pike, which weighed 52 lb., is in Cheltenham Museum.—[Photograph by Bolak.]



## THE NANSEN OF THE SOUTH, HIS WIFE, AND HIS FAMILY.

*Photo. Kent and Lacey.*

MRS. ERNEST H. SHACKLETON, WHOSE HUSBAND HAS REACHED  
A POINT ONLY 111 MILES FROM THE SOUTH POLE.

*Photo. Talma.*

LIEUTENANT ERNEST H. SHACKLETON, CREATOR OF THE NEW  
RECORD IN ANTARCTIC EXPLORATION.



LIEUTENANT AND MRS. ERNEST H. SHACKLETON'S CHILDREN, RAYMOND AND CECILY.

Lieutenant Ernest H. Shackleton, who has broken all records in Antarctic exploration by reaching a point only 111 miles from the South Pole, and a party from whose ship has discovered the South Magnetic Pole, was third officer on the "Discovery" Antarctic Expedition. By birth he is Irish; but he owes something to London, and, indeed, was educated at Dulwich College. He left school at sixteen or thereabouts, and went to sea. As an officer in the merchant service he made a number of voyages of a more or less casual nature. Then he joined the Union Castle Line. Some time before setting out on his present expedition he unsuccessfully contested Dundee. In April 1904 he married Miss Emily M. Dorman, second daughter of the late Charles Dorman.—[*Photograph by Kent and Lacey.*]



# SMALL TALK



A DAUGHTER OF LORD SUFFIELD:

LADY HILLINGDON.

Photograph by Lillie Charles.

the world of high finance, and is, it is rumoured, twice or three times a millionaire. Lord and Lady Hillingdon, since the lease of Camelford House expired, have had a delightfully quiet mansion in Park Place, Vernon House, which looks on the Green Park. They are much in the country, however, either at Overstrand, near Cromer, or at their villa near Uxbridge.

*Master and Dame* "It is remarkable,"  
*Gossip.* said Horace

Walpole, "how much better women write than men"; and the daughter—Lady Dorothy Nevill—of another "Horry" Walpole, taking courage from that phrase, has published much and written more. Her habit of keeping notebooks and of printing the discreeter pages therefrom may be taken as a trait inherited from the most brilliant of all gossipers, the fourth Earl of Orford. On the rude face of figures, Lady Dorothy Nevill might appear as a contemporary of that wit, for she is a daughter of the third Earl. But her father, of course, held the title under a second creation, and although he was born in the century before last, it is clear that time is sometimes spanned with a very light-hearted hop, skip, and jump. Lady Dorothy Nevill still takes note of men, women, and flowers—her hobby; and if her criticisms of the first two are sometimes of an acid nature, let us remember how much less attractive they are than the lilies of the field. And was not Horace Walpole beloved, in spite of his hard sayings?



NIECE OF THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY:

MISS VIOLET MCKENNA, WHO IS TO MARRY

COMMANDER G. M. KEANE.

beauty and known her sweetness of disposition, regard Commander G. M. Keane as the luckiest officer in the "King's Navee." He is the second son of the late Sir Richard Keane, of Cappoquin, co. Waterford, and is considered a remarkably good-looking man, even in a Service which boasts more than the average of good

LADY HILLINGDON is one of a pleasant group of children born to those intimate friends of the King and Queen, Lord and Lady Suffield. She is thus the sister of Countess Carrington, Lady Hastings, the Hon. Lady Sullivan, the Hon. Lady Musgrave, and the Hon. Mrs. Derek Keppel, of whom the three last-named hold or have held important posts at Court. Lord Hillingdon is a power in

looks. His brother, the present baronet, married, some years ago, Lord St. Aldwyn's daughter.

*Miss Abercromby.* Miss Abercromby, who is Lady Northbrook's elder daughter by her first husband, Sir Robert Abercromby of Forglan, inherits to the full her mother's striking beauty and personal charm. She and her sister, Miss Myrtle, were the belles of the dance which Lord and Lady Northbrook gave the other day at their fine house in Portman Square. Miss Abercromby wore palest grey satin embroidered in gold, while her sister was in white.

ELDER DAUGHTER OF LADY NORTHBROOK: MISS ABERCROMBY.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

*The Family Tree.* It is doubtful whether

Mr. Julian Gaisford is sorry that the Howth title does not fall to the lot of the heir to the Howth estates, for there would have been an uncomfortable feeling of uncertainty as to what would happen next if the title had not died with the late Lord Howth. A family legend has always declared that when a certain tulip-tree on the ancient estate in County Dublin showed signs of decay, the holder of the title would also fall sick, and that when the tree died the line would become extinct. Several times during the late Lord Howth's illness he had observed that the tree's vitality was very feeble, and he said to a friend on one occasion that his own chances grew less and less favourable. The year before last the tree gave forth only a few leaves, and last year still fewer—and then Lord Howth died. The tree has not actually fallen, but it is beyond recovery. Fortunately, no man's courage has to be put to the test of finally challenging the potency of the legend.

*A Lover of Children.* Lady Beatrice Herbert, who will be helping at the fête in June for the Great Ormond Street

Children's Hospital, is Lord Anglesey's sister. It will be remembered that she married Lord Herbert, the eldest son of Lord and Lady Pembroke, in the same year in which her sister, Lady Winifred, married Lord Ingestre, the future Earl of Shrewsbury. Lady Beatrice—such is her correct style, as she was given the precedence of a Marquess's daughter—has two sons and a daughter, the youngest having been born last October. The daughter has Princess "Patsy" of Connaught for *marraine*. Lord Herbert and his wife are excellent amateur actors, and are very fond of travelling, having recently visited the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden at Stockholm and Lord and Lady Grey in Canada.



A HELPER AT THE FÊTE FOR THE GREAT ORMOND STREET CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL: LADY BEATRICE HERBERT, SISTER OF LORD ANGLESEY.

Photograph by Lillie Charles.



A CHELTENHAM WEDDING: MISS DOROTHY DU BOULAY, WHO IS TO MARRY CAPTAIN HODGSON.

Miss Du Boulay is the eldest daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Du Boulay, of Marchmont, Cheltenham. Captain Hodgson is a son of Captain D. Hodgson, of Saltwood, Cheltenham, and is in the Royal Engineers.

Photograph by Annie Bell.



AN AMERICAN DÉBUTANTE OF LAST YEAR: MISS ANITA STEWART, DAUGHTER OF MRS. JAMES HENRY SMITH.

Mrs. Smith has taken the Duke and Duchess of Somerset's house in Grosvenor Square, and, after Easter, will entertain a good deal for her daughter.

Photograph by Lillie Charles.



SECOND DAUGHTER OF LORD AND LADY KNARESBOROUGH: THE HON HELEN MEYSEY-THOMPSON.

Photograph by Lillie Charles.



"MAUDI DARRELL, SPINSTER" NO LONGER:  
ANOTHER STAGE ROMANCE.



MRS. JOHN BULLOUGH (FORMERLY MISS MAUDI DARRELL), WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE QUIETLY  
LAST WEEK.

Miss Maud Darrell, well known not only on the musical-comedy stage, but as an excellent "legitimate" actress, was married very quietly last week. The bride, who is a daughter of Mr. Hugh Jay Didcott, the music-hall agent, was described on the marriage certificate as "Maud Darrell, 26 years of age, spinster." The bridegroom was described as "Bachelor, aged 23, of independent means, staying at the Ritz." Mr. Bullough is the son of the late Mr. John Bullough, of Accrington, a millionaire, and he himself has great means. Mrs. Bullough appeared most recently in "The Belle of Brittany," and was to have played in "The Devil," at the Adelphi.—[Photograph by S. Edwin Neame.]

## CROWNS-CORONETS COURTIERS



GIVER OF A DANCE DURING THE  
PUNCESTOWN MEETING:  
THE HON. LADY LYTTON.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

place upon their shelves. But the presents which seemed to bear a special injunction were Lady Dorothy Nevill's reading-lamp, the ink-pots and pens and paper. "And do they expect me to wear these?" asked the ex-Grenadier, handling the sword-like tusks that it would be folly to put to their intended task of paper-cutting.

*More Wellington Despatches.* With ink-stands the ball-room, where the presents were displayed, seemed to be full; a dozen, say, fell to the lot of each young person, from whom, if they are grateful, we must expect more Wellington despatches than have yet been given to the world. If there is a reason for the bookish character of so many of the gifts, it is that many perplexed friends sought advice from the lovely Lady Eileen Wellesley. She is all for literature and the poets, and her suggestions as to the choice of presents were generally inclined to favour the furnishing of the library rather than the supplying of the more mundane needs of the dining-room or drawing-room.

*Don Carlos.* That king of claimants, or claimant king, Don Carlos, was yesterday congratulated on his sixty-first birthday. Venice, in default of Spain, is his home, the Palazzo

LORD DOURO never knew himself for a keen reader until he made a roll-call of his presents just before he left for the Continent with his bride. Both he and she must now make up their minds about Swinburne, for they each received his poems; and at least two copies of Browning's works, of which a volume went with them on their honeymoon, will in future find

*Don Jaime.* Don Carlos has always set great store by the opinions of England and Englishmen, and Lord Ashburnham has long been one of his most valued advisers. It was to England that Don Carlos sent his son and heir for schooling, but after college came the difficult question as to the final choice of a career and a country for the

heir to all the claimant's claims. It was finally decided that Don Jaime, who was born in 1870, should enter the Russian Army. As a Major in the Grodno Hussars, he saw service in China with the international force in 1900, and he has since served with his regiment in the Russo-Japanese War.

Photograph by A. Tear.

*Plays, People, and Pence.* In "Davos on the Hill" is the Sanatorium that has come under the Queen's special patronage. Her Majesty's interest in the place—Robert Louis Stevenson once stayed there—and in the establishment is to find expression again, and the special matinée at Drury Lane on May 11 meets with her Majesty's approval. Earlier in the month, Mrs. William James will give a performance of "The Mollusc" at the Kingsway Theatre, and Mr. William James will, in the cause of charity, himself take the leading part. Shadwell and Soho Square will enjoy the proceeds, but Bryanston Square and Mayfair the acting.

*Helping Jack.* Mr. McKenna, it is said, can wear as many cocked hats and decorations as he pleases, but will never get to the heart of the British Navy. It requires a real sailor, say the critics, like to the one who, obeying orders from the Admiralty, lowered his colours last week, and did



THE FUTURE DUKE OF LEEDS AND HIS MOTHER:  
THE DUCHESS OF LEEDS AND LORD CARMARTHEN.

Lord Carmarthen was born in March 1901.

Photograph by Speaight.

Loredan and the Piazza of St. Mark's, where he often strolls with his stately dogs, making a very good setting for the romance of his person and history. Don Carlos does not grow more hopeful of a crown and throne as the years pass, and, while many supporters of his claim will admit no check or hindrance to their hopes, it is believed that he himself regarded his expectations as finally vanquished when a popular English Princess became Queen of Spain.

it very becomingly. But even the sailor may at times find it difficult to get to the heart of the Navy—if the heart of the Navy consists of the men that man her. One story of a Captain left perplexed runs thus. Seeing a man named Jack aloft, the officer shouted to him to ask what he was doing. "Nothing, Sir," came the reply. He called to another sailor, a little below the first. "Well, what are you doing?" "Helping Jack, Sir," was the answer.



CHILDREN OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE:  
LADY MAUD LOUISA EMMA CAVENDISH, THE MARQUESS  
OF HARTINGTON, AND LADY BLANCHE KATHERINE  
CAVENDISH.

Lady Maud was born in 1896; Lord Hartington, in 1895; and Lady Blanche, in 1898.—Photograph by Speaight.



CHILDREN OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE:  
LADY RACHEL CAVENDISH, LADY DOROTHY EVELYN  
CAVENDISH, AND LORD CHARLES CAVENDISH.

Lady Dorothy was born in 1900; Lady Rachel, in 1902; and Lord Charles, in 1905.

Photograph by Speaight.



"NEW YORK GONE DANCING MAD."

"ON THE SQUARE," IN THE SQUARE: THE NEW ALHAMBRA BALLET.



Mlle. Britta as an English girl, and Miss Julia Seale as a rich young American.

In "On the Square," Mlle. Britta plays the part of a young English girl who is on a flying visit to New York, and Miss Julia Seale, a rich American youth. As insets to the chief subjects on this page are shown Miss C. Mossetti and Mlle. Britta in a marionette pas de deux. The ballet is taken at a great pace. As a critic put it at the time, it is "a breathless, up-to-date, idealised motion-picture of New York gone dancing mad."

*Photographs by Hana.*



# THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

(By E.F.S. (Monocle))

## The Noble Hawtreys.

Of course we were delighted to see our "Charlie" again, for "Charlie" is the darling of thousands of playgoers, since he causes irresistible laughter whenever he has a part that suits him. I do not say that he is a darling in the sense in which Mr. Lewis Waller—shall I say "Lewis le Bien-Aimé"?—is a darling to the ladies, and has been for ever so long, since in this are mysteries beyond my grasp. Still, we were delighted to see Mr. Hawtreys well after illness, and manager of the theatre in Dean Street that has seen some notable managements.



MISS HUTIN BRITTON AS OPHELIA,  
AT THE LYCEUM.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

There have been a good many farces at the Royalty better than "The Noble Spaniard," which the *à la mode* playwright, Mr. Maugham, has adapted from the French; yet it was received with hearty laughter. Farces of such a simple class as "The Noble Spaniard" have gone out of fashion, but probably not lost popularity. Our West-End managers and dramatists have grown rather ashamed of them, so of late years they have emasculated them and called them comedies: the more credit, then, to Mr. Maugham and Mr. Hawtreys for their honest courage. The pity is that, through lack of skill in construction, "The Noble Spaniard" at times hangs fire. It is dangerous, even deadly, to begin a farce very well; it is like starting a song *ff*, or upon your top note—you cannot keep it up. The procedure of a farce should be like that of a decently conducted siege. In the first act one shows the fairly distant operations, the approach by parallels, and concludes with a startling rebuff due to a vigorous sortie. In the second, or beginning of the third, after a crescendo of incidents, you reach the absolutely intense moment of the siege, which is speedily followed by a *coup de main*, succeeded by a surrender and a settling down. Successful farces that do not follow these lines are rare, but there are some. It was a happy thought to set the play in 1850. Much of the laughter was due to the incredible, but actual, costumes of the crinoline and coal-scuttle bonnet period. It must be admitted that the worst of the coal-scuttles was not as silly, ugly, and unbecoming as some of the bee-hive, or pudding-basin, or waste-paper-basket headgears by the aid of which women try to prove the inferiority of their sex at the present time. A simple-minded critic has solemnly thanked Mr. Hawtreys for preventing any revival of the crinoline by exhibiting its absurdities; but older hands shudder; they know a little about the milliner, and fear lest "The Noble Spaniard" should prove the first steel in the structure of the bird-cage or rat-trap. There are plenty of funny moments in the farce, most of them due to Miss Fanny Brough's superb comic acting as the middle-aged, respectable Lady Proudfoot. No one has greater "lift" in farce than she has; many playgoers still remember her and the key in "Dr. Bill," at the Avenue. Mr. Lyall Swete was quite funny as the old-fashioned Judge, but he ought to play it a little faster. Mr. Hawtreys, the Duke of Hermanos, was not even a little bit Spanish—was, indeed, in manner almost the phlegmatic Englishman—but he had intensely comic moments, having forced the part to suit him, instead of himself to suit the part.

Mr. Athol Stewart was the most successful mid-Victorian of the company. Miss Kate Cutler acted agreeably as the pretty widow, but with hardly sufficient energy.

## The Strike Play.

It is a little curious that the same evening saw the first night of Mr. Maugham's farce—his really nineteenth-century farce—and Mr. John Galsworthy's play transferred from matinée performances to the regular bill. A few years ago, half the critics would have howled at "Strife" on account of its want of plot, lack of love interest, and inconclusiveness. Now, even those who do not like it speak respectfully. Apparently, there is even a public for the stern drama. I cannot recollect any more striking evidence of the progress in drama than the transfer of "Strife" to the evening bill at the Haymarket, and, later on, to the Adelphi, where it is now running. Ten years ago such a thing would have been impossible. The majority of the critics would have denounced the play, the public would have held aloof, nor would it have had a chance of production save by some free-lance society. Here is a really strong, living play, a vivid picture of a big aspect of modern life treated uncompromisingly; and audiences can be found for a fair length of time to listen breathlessly, to take sides in earnest with capital or with labour, according to the trend of their souls, and to pardon an inconclusive ending in the nature of a draw. With the acting—the superb acting—of this play, which has some measure of greatness, I have already dealt, since, fortunately, the original company was at the command of the Haymarket.



MR. MATHESON LANG AS HAMLET,  
AT THE LYCEUM.

## A Quartet of Short Plays.

A competition between writers of one-act plays which was organised by the club called "The Dramatic Debaters" resulted in the production at the Court Theatre of four of the best essays in the art submitted

to the judges. Three of them showed no great measure of that intellectual quality which such clubs and societies presumably seek to discover and encourage. "In the Silence of the Veldt," by Horace Collins, was ordinary, rather mild melodrama; "The House of the Traitor," an adaptation by Rathmell Wilson of one of Prosper Mérimée's stories, was energetic but somewhat crude; and there was more sentimentality than sentiment in "The Other Tenth of the Law," a study by Edith A. Browne of a mother's anxiety to keep her son from going to sea; yet one cannot deny the existence of some merit in the writing. "Jenkins' Widow," by Mrs. Teignmouth Shore, was, however, worth discovering. Its subject was the curious pride taken by the poor in the ceremonial aspects of death: the passionate desire for a worthy funeral which led a dying coster to insist upon gladdening his closing eyes by the sight of his wife in widow's weeds. Here one touches a curious aspect of human life, which deserves the consideration of the dramatist. There was humour and pathos in the little play, and it was quite brilliantly acted by Miss Sydney Fairbrother, Mr. Frank Esmond, and Miss Clare Greet.



THE FIRST ACT OF "HAMLET" SET AS A SNOWY SCENE: MR. MATHESON LANG AS HAMLET AND MR. FREDERICK ROSS AS THE GHOST OF HAMLET'S FATHER, AT THE LYCEUM.



STANLEY WEYMAN'S "COUNT HANNIBAL" ON THE STAGE.



MR. OSCAR ASCHE AS COUNT HANNIBAL DE TAVANNES IN "COUNT HANNIBAL."

Mr. Asche produced "Count Hannibal" at Bristol some days ago, and no doubt will present it in London before very long.

*Photographs by Histed.*



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

**The Compleat Nimrod.**

Various cartoonists have done their best to show us the condition of mind of the animals which Mr. Roosevelt is to go out for to hunt, but nobody has sought to discover how the native ladies and gentlemen regard the visit. When a certain traveller wanted to convince the sceptics of his long residence in the Antipodes; he rolled up his sleeves and showed his forearms, which he had thoughtfully prepared with honest English walnut-juice. The natives will be anxious to inspect Mr. Roosevelt's arms for a different reason. They will want to see his "magic." No African hunter goes out in quest of elephants until he has secured from his medicine-man the charms proper to such an enterprise. These he neatly tucks beneath the skin of his forearms.

**A Mighty Hunter.**

The ex-President will find some husky fellows among the aborigines, who will be interested in his exploits. They have no professors of physical culture, but if there remain any of the family of Livingstone's friend Moenyegumbe who inherit his strength, they can still, at a single throw, make a spear pass through an elephant and stick in the ground on the other side. But they have, or had, their questionable habits. When wars no longer troubled and enemies were at rest, they settled down in peace and comfort to battle and murder within their own families. A favourite diversion was a variant of the Irish invitation to "thread on the tail of me coat." Here the tail was not that of the challenging gentleman himself, but of a parrot. This being put down on the ground, the man who picked it up had straightway to slay a man or woman to justify possession and the right to wear it. The skin of a musk-rat was another reward for the execution of a murder; and they would discuss a broiled and filleted enemy with any guest of distinction, or, in the absence of such company, make a similar meal just for consolation. May they never be hungry when the Roosevelt entourage is near!

**A Moment of Peril.**

We are all very thankful that the story of the Queen of Italy's hurts sustained at Messina is exaggerated. Her sufferings were mental rather than physical, after all, though the perils which she braved were enough to turn the brain of any ordinary person. There yet lives the woman who faced the gravest dangers experienced by any living member of a ruling house. The Empress Eugénie could, as she would, still make our flesh creep with the story of her escapes—aye, and that before the fall of the Empire. The experience of the King and Queen of Spain pales before hers of that night when Orsini cast his fatal bomb. No fewer than seventy-six projectiles

were found embedded in the carriage in which she rode; one of the horses, wounded in twenty-five places, was killed on the spot, and the other had to be slaughtered. The three footmen and coachmen were all badly hit. The Empress herself entered the Opera with her dress literally saturated with the blood of General Roguet, while the Emperor escaped with nothing worse than a bullet through his hat.

**Misses as Good as Miles.**

When Sir Melville Beachcroft wastelling the other night of narrowly escaping shooting his officer in the early Volunteer days, Sir Evelyn Wood must have thought of his own escapes from the fire of his friends. But probably the nearest thing of the sort was that to which Lord Wolseley nearly fell a victim at a most critical moment. After halting his forces preparatory to the action at Tel-el-Kebir, the gallant General rode forward with his brother, Sir George Wolseley, to get the hang of things, more especially with a view to seeing if the flash of the firing in front would guide him or aid in any way after it had once begun. Giving his horse to his brother to hold, he was intently peering through his glass into the darkness, when the first shell of the battle, from our advanced work, was fired. It was only a chance shell, but it nearly finished the British commander. It fell between Lord Wolseley and his horse. By a happy miracle, it embedded itself in the sand and did not explode, or the Commander-in-Chief, with his brother, must have been blown to pieces.

All Europe, it may be said, shares the solicitude of the Dutch people with regard to the interesting event at Court. That is natural, of course, seeing that the Dutch throne has so long lacked a direct heir. But France, Belgium, and Germany ought to be specially interested in the matter, since they are the founders of the Dutch kingdom, not by treaty or diplomatic arrangement, but in very fact. They gave the Netherlands her foundations. All her soil was carried down the Rhine and the Meuse from France, Belgium, and Germany; so that Teuton or Gaul may still declare himself upon his native heath even though he be within Dutch boundaries. This is not the only case in which water has robbed Peter to pay Paul that which was not owing. The same thing is continually happening in England. Old Father Thames is constantly carrying Oxford and Gloucester into Essex; while the Ouse and Trent, our biggest land-thieves, spread out over their low-lying banks so much stolen soil that they have carried, carted, and created over 30,000 acres of the richest alluvial soil in England, all stolen from places higher up-stream. When every county has Home Rule there will be trouble and taxation over this matter.



AN ANXIOUS MOMENT! TESTING DYNAMITE—PROFESSOR CHARLES E. MUNROE, THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT EXPERT, TRYING THE EXPLOSIVE TO DETERMINE ITS QUALIFICATIONS FOR MINING OPERATIONS.

Photograph by Waldon Fawcett.



"MIRACLES" THREE; EXHIBITED IN CALCUTTA ON A MAHOMMEDAN FEAST DAY.

We illustrate three of a set of "miracles."—1. Two vegetable marrows with two swords through each, from which are suspended two large stones weighing over one hundredweight each. Notwithstanding this weight, the swords do not cut through the marrows. 2. A sword suspended and an orange stuck at the point. The orange supports a large 'chatty' of water. 3. An ordinary lantern, placed on a table with four legs, which sends up a continuous fountain of water.—[Photograph by Topical.]



OF NO FURTHER USE.



A PASSENGER: 'Ere! Whoa! There's an old bloke fell off the 'bus!

THE CONDUCTOR: Ori right, sonny. 'E's paid 'is fare.

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.



# HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



## "Tis All for Your Delight."

The unaffected charm of Miss Ellaline Terriss's performance on the stage is reflected in the way in which she will tell a story against herself. Such, for example, is the following incident, the dramatic interest of which, from the point of view of its chief actor—Miss Terriss herself—could probably give a long start and a sure beating to even the motor-play at the Hippodrome. She was playing some flying matinees last summer, and left Cheltenham one morning for Northampton, expecting to be there some hours before the time for beginning the performance. She had not, however, got halfway when her motor broke down. She secured another, which took her twelve miles further on her journey, and then broke down at a place where a motor was not to be had for love or money. After some trouble she got a carriage, which took her four miles on. There she obtained a third motor, and started again. Half-an-hour later something went wrong with the motor, and it stuck. Nothing would persuade it to move, though the chauffeur tried every blandishment he knew to induce it to do so. Two miles off was a railway-station. There was nothing to do but to walk to it "over hill, over dale," if not "through bush, through brier." After a wild scramble Miss Terriss reached the station and caught a train which was due at Northampton in time to enable her to play her part. Unfortunately, it was late. The result was that she arrived too late to appear, and her understudy had to act for her. Was she annoyed? Not a bit. "I never saw a more delighted audience in my life," Miss Terriss always says as she relates the story, the dotting of whose "i's" and the crossing of whose "t's" are quite unnecessary to point its delicious humour.

## The Cat! One of Its Nine Tails!!

notably, "Moods and by the best papers. Some years ago, when, in the pursuit of experience, he was playing in the provinces, and was a member of the company of Mrs. Bandmann - Palmer, who was Hamlet, he played Laertes. At Dumfries he had an experience which Polonius might have defined as "tragical-comical." The stage-manager, who acted the First Gravedigger, had upset some of the stage hands, who were determined to "get a bit of their own back" before the engagement was over. Accordingly, when requested to procure some earth to be used

Mr. R. Henderson Bland, who is acting at the St. James's Theatre, belongs to the small band of actor-poets, and his volumes of verse—"Memories"—have been excellently criticised

by the Gravedigger in the necessary business of the scene, they did so, but introduced into it a cat which had been a long time dead. They covered it with the earth, which was put into the box, from which the Gravedigger would remove it in due course. That unfortunate actor, condemned to play nearly the whole of the scene in the grave shovelling out the earth, had rather a bad time of it. The only consolation he could derive from his unhappy position was that, if

anything, Mr. Henderson Bland would have an even worse time, for he had to jump into the grave and bend low in it as he spoke the lines, "Hold off the earth a while till I have caught her once more in my arms." During the burial scene, Mr. Bland noticed the Gravedigger leaning on his spade outside the grave and shaking with laughter. When the cue came, and he jumped into the grave, bent down, and nearly brought his face into contact with the dead yet fearsome cat, he understood the reason for the stage-manager's laughter. The next moment he got out of the grave, and flung himself on the Hamlet, who, unprepared for the attack, staggered backwards, with the result that they both nearly fell into the orchestra. The scene was finished without any further untoward circumstance, but that night, before the play ended, two or three stage hands were missing!

## The Critic—Mr. Huntley Wright's, not Sheridan's.

The landladies of theatrical lodgings are, or used to be, the source of many a good story for actors. In the days when, as he humorously describes it, Mr. Huntley Wright was a member

of a fourth-rate company playing in the eighth-rate towns, he was acting a part written by Mr. Victor Stevens for himself in "Bonnie Boy Blue," and if he did not consider himself "it," the whole show, he thought, in the exuberance of his youth and the dominance of his part, that he was something very like it. One day, he gave his landlady a couple of seats to go to the performance. When he got back to supper that night, she had, of course, returned home, and she went into the room to see that he had everything he needed. Naturally, he thought he would hear something about his performance. "Is there anything else you would like, Mr. Wright?" she asked, as she looked at the things on the table. "Nothing, thank you," he said. "Sure you wouldn't like another bottle of beer?" "Quite," he replied. "And what will you have for breakfast?" she asked. "Bacon and eggs, as usual," he answered. "Very well," she said slowly, "and I will try and

get new-laid eggs; but if I can't I will get them as fresh as I can." She moved towards the door. Mr. Wright's spirits fell as he thought she was going away without a word of the play. He determined to force the subject on her. He asked what she thought of the leading actress. "Oh," said the woman readily, "she is a fine-looking lass." Then she asked what time Mr. Wright would be called next morning. He told her, and inquired how she liked some other member of the company. "Oh, he was very good," she re-

joined, and again she moved towards the door. That was too much for Mr. Wright, so, as she would not take his indirect method, he put the direct question to her with—"And how did you like me?" A stony look came into the landlady's eyes. She looked Mr. Wright from head to toe and from toe to head; then she shook her head. "Oh, well," she said, "you are very young still," and she went out of the room.



"A SCOTSMAN'S HOME" PRODUCED BY "THE ARTISTS"—THE DUEL BETWEEN MACBETH AND DUNCAN, THE BOY SCOUT.



"AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOME" PARODIED BY TERRITORIALS; "A SCOTSMAN'S HOME" ENACTED BY "THE ARTISTS"—THE MURDER OF MACBETH.

"The Artists" (otherwise the 28th Battalion County of London Territorials) indulged in a wild and amusing skit on "An Englishman's Home" at their assault-tarms the other day.



WHAT IT FEELS LIKE —



I. — TO HAVE REVOKED.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

# THE LITERARY LOUNGER

## A Request.

Do you mind coming with me to the eighteenth century for a few minutes? It is very kind of you but really it is rather nice of me not to drag you there more often, because I really do know something about it and can always discourse about it with ease and without previous study. Instead of which I have been reading new books week by week that you may have an absolutely authoritative opinion on the latest. As a matter of fact, indeed, it is a new book which compels me to talk this time of the eighteenth century, though I do not propose to confine myself to it—"George Selwyn and the Wits," by S. Parnell Kerr (Methuen). If you happen to be interested in the subject, you will be grateful to me for mentioning the book to you, because it contains a number of George Selwyn's letters hitherto unpublished. And if you are not so interested I am sure a change from the contemporary geniuses we have been discussing of late will do you no harm.

## George Selwyn.

The chief interest of George Selwyn has always lain in the fact that he was an intimate friend of more interesting and celebrated contemporaries, such as Horace Walpole and the Duke of Queensberry, or "Old Q." When the late Mr. Jesse discovered two boxes of letters written to him and published them some sixty years ago, he produced four of the most fascinating volumes of letters ever published. They were from all sorts of people—statesmen, profligates, fine ladies, and parsons—mostly of an intimate sort and in many instances with a good deal of humour and fun in them. They shed a generous light on the last half of the eighteenth century, and have been invaluable to innumerable essayists—myself included—ever since. Thackeray drew largely on them in his "Four Georges," moralising over them freely in his beautiful English. Of course, also, they told us a good deal about Selwyn himself, his easy, sauntering life, the affection in which he was held, his taste for gambling, his likes and dislikes. We had the picture of an amiable man of the world, a good friend, with a reputation for wit, of which later. The most interesting thing about him personally, however, was his extraordinary devotion to a little girl, whom he insisted on adopting and educating, though there were great difficulties in the way. She was known as Mie Mie, and was the daughter of the Marchesa Fagniani; her father, I am quite sure, was "Old Q." himself, who left her £130,000 in his will. Selwyn's devotion to the child was quite wonderful, and a beautiful thing in his life. He never married, and was, indeed, always chaffed by his friends for his indifference to women. A rather wild young man he had been, and became a dear and rather fussy old one, with just a touch about him of the old maid. So much we know. Well, ten years ago or so, the Historical Manuscripts Commission

published his letters to his great friend, though thirty years his junior, Lord Carlisle. They were a great disappointment. They were just kind, garrulous letters, written rather clumsily, in a curious and irritating mixture of English and French—he loved his Paris—and with no distinction about them at all. Where was George Selwyn the wit?

## The Wit.

Where indeed? But I do not know why we should have expected anything much. The jokes already recorded of him were very moderate indeed: you would be bored if I quoted them. But isn't that nearly

always the way with jokes? They age terribly soon, and the taste in them of one generation is quite different from another's. Even in Horace Walpole, so full of humour and point as he is, the professed jokes are nothing to us. It is still rather odd that Selwyn had such a reputation. I imagine that he had a peculiarly effective, dry way of speaking—Lord Holland said as much to Charles Greville—and so people listened, and it became a fashion to regard him as witty. He could put things in an amusingly odd sort of way, as when he wrote to Carlisle that he has been asked to meet Mr. Pitt and eat turtle, but did not care about meeting a Minister, "though served up in his great shell of power and all his green fat about him." Then, too, in conversational wit the atmosphere is everything—the occasion, the sort of tone prevalent, and all that we have lost. In any case, it is no use for us to try to laugh at the jokes of a hundred years ago. Do we care to laugh at those of the last generation? . . . The new Letters of Selwyn's will not help to establish that reputation of his. But they are extremely interesting on Mie Mie's account. Most of them are written from Milan, where George followed her when Mme. Fagniani insisted on resuming control of the child. He lived there some while, treated with much deference by the Italians as an important Englishman—as indeed socially he was—

and acting as a sort of English governess to the child, who was in danger of forgetting her English. Eventually, Mie Mie was restored to him for good, and was the comfort of his declining years. He lived to see her "out," and left her £30,000. She married Lord Yarmouth, afterwards Lord Hertford, the Regent's friend and a thoroughly vicious man, and had, on the whole, a sad life of it, poor Mie Mie. Mr. Kerr accepts the usual view that her husband was the original of Thackeray's Steyne, but it is at least as likely that it was his father who sat for that old sinner. But how one thing leads to another! I shall be in the thick of quite another generation if I run on. And, after all, I have not talked at large of the eighteenth century. Perhaps I shall invite you there some other time.

N. O. I.

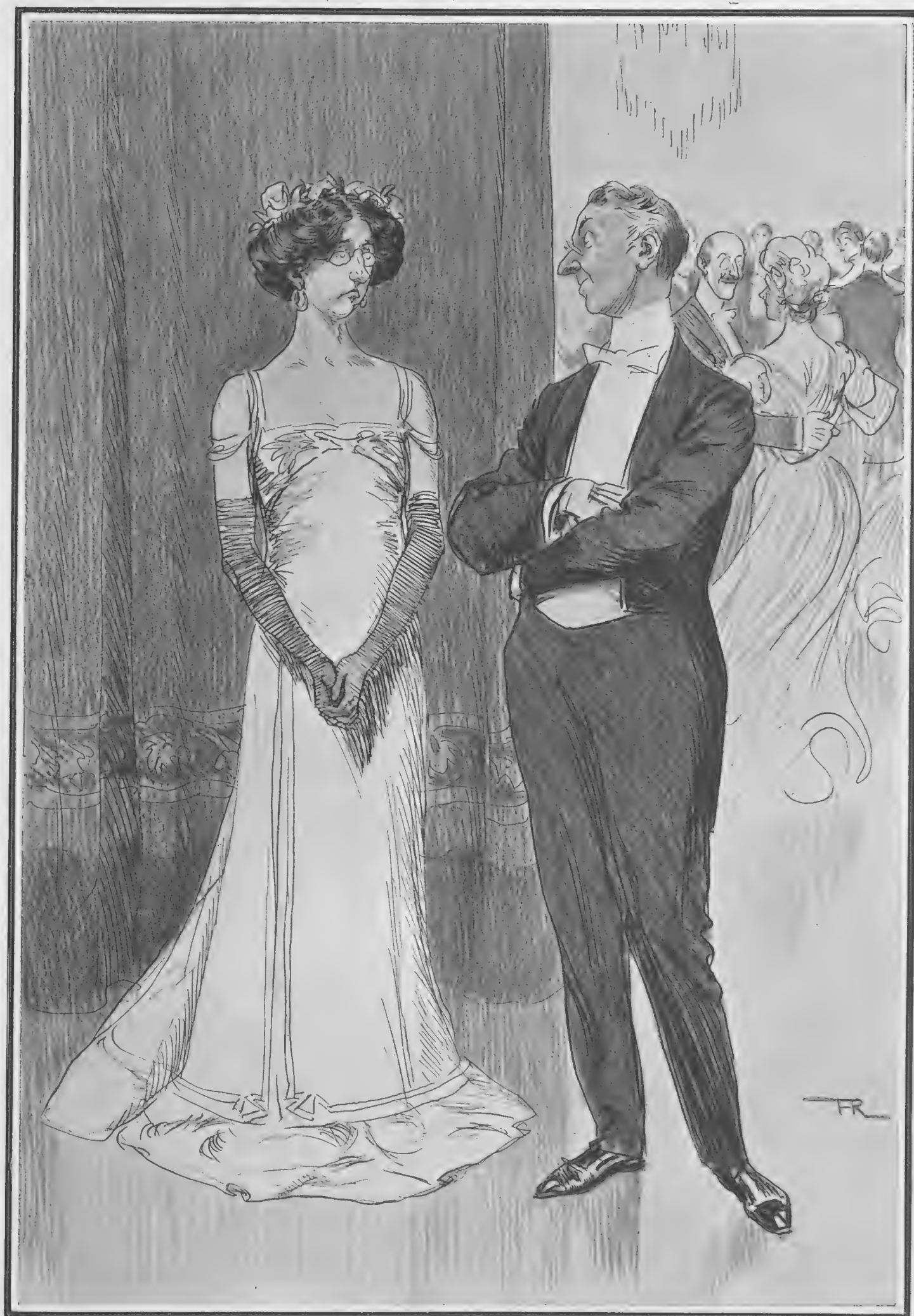


AUTHOR OF "BANCROFT MEMOIRS": SIR SQUIRE BANCROFT, WHOSE BOOK OF REMINISCENCES IS TO BE PUBLISHED SOON.

Sir Squire Bancroft is one of the best known figures in London. He made his first appearance on the stage in 1861, and his first professional appearance in London four years later.—[Photograph by Langley.]



SOMEHOW BAD!



THE CONVERSATIONALIST (to well-known Authoress): I am so delighted to meet you—it was only the other day—I saw something of yours—about something or other—in some paper!

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## WITH WEARY DAYS.

By MAUDE ANNESLEY.

*Author of "The Wine of Life," "The Door of Darkness," etc.*

With weary days thou shalt be clothed and fed.

—THE BALLAD OF BURDENS.

THIS story is very dull. Those who require plenty of incident, plenty of excitement, the love of man for maid, or maid for man, the gaining or the spending of riches, mystery and the elucidation thereof, or war and strife, those readers had better turn the pages hurriedly and pass this story by. It is only the plain, unvarnished tale of an old woman, not even very complete, for there is much I did not know and could never find out, and perhaps my pen is too feeble to show the pathos that I felt. Though even now, when I think of Madame Justine, my throat aches, and my eyes smart with that agony of tears suppressed that is given as a torture to strong men. Even feeling this, I doubt whether I can draw for others the little grey sorrow that touched the fringe of my life for a time, and then departed like a shadow.

Ah, well! As I say, my story is very dull, but somehow I want to tell about Mme. Justine, and I must do my best.

It was in the *crémierie* in the Rue Emile that I first spoke to her. I had been used to seeing her nearly every day, either from my balcony at number twenty-six or when walking in the street. I had occupied my flat for three months, and it always has amused me to look out of the window and study human beings. Wild nature soon bores me, though I admire it; but human nature I never tire of studying—it is so unexpected in its passions.

Morning after morning, with very few exceptions, I had seen an old woman come out of a house opposite, but a little further down the street. She always carried a string bag empty, and by-and-by she would return with it full. Just the ordinary purchases of the French *bourgeoise*—one or two paper packets containing sugar, salt, coffee, etc., a lettuce, a bunch of herbs; and carried separately in her hand were usually two eggs, a little greasy screw of paper (which was undoubtedly butter), and sometimes one fig, peach, or pear. But the fruit was only when I first came to the Rue Emile; now that it was October it was very rarely that there was any dainty of that kind.

She was a little woman of about five feet three in height, rather thin. Her hair was grey—that rather uninteresting grey that brown hair so often develops into; her face was brown-skinned, and she looked old, though there were not many wrinkles; her eyes were soft and pale-grey, and looked very patient. Her lips were nearly colourless, and pressed firmly together. It was her mouth which first gave me the impression that she was cross, but after the day when I saw her stoop and speak to a crying child I did not think that any more; she was only very tired.

I had asked no questions about her; what was the good? In the centre of Paris it is very rare to find anyone who knows his neighbour. This day I had gone to the *crémierie* to complain about my butter. My servant said he had complained till he was tired, and could get no better; so I went myself.

In the shop was Madame Justine (I only learnt her name after, as you will hear) buying two eggs and a quarter of a pound of butter.

I spoke to another server, and got a promise to send me better butter; then I went to the door. I held it open for the old woman, who was leaving at the same time; she thanked me, and then I noticed that she was more heavily laden than usual. Her string bag was full; under one arm she held a bulky packet in a newspaper, and in the crook of the other she was trying to keep steady two large bottles, which, judging by their white paper and sealed tops, came from the chemist. The eggs and the butter she held in her hand, and she looked anxiously at the various packages.

I stopped in front of her and stretched out my hand.

"Allow me to carry some of these for you, Madame; I am going straight home, and I live opposite you."

Her pale brown skin flushed. "Oh—no, Monsieur; I could not think of troubling Monsieur."

Her accent was the accent of Provence, and now I noticed—what I knew that I had always been sure of—that she was not Parisian.

I smiled, and took the newspaper parcel from under one arm and the bottles from the other.

"Come," I said, "it is no trouble, and you might have broken these bottles."

She looked frightened at the thought, and walked on without further protest, a little behind me.

"No one is ill, I hope?" I asked, stepping back to walk by her side.

"My mistress is always ill," she said sadly; "but now she has caught a *bronchite*, and I have bought the usual remedies." She said this rather grudgingly, and there was a finality in the last words that prevented me asking further questions, so we fell back on the weather and one or two local bits of news, such as the change of proprietor at the butcher's shop. When she came to her door she paused, then she put the string bag down by the concierge's lodge and took the newspaper parcel and the bottles.

"I thank Monsieur very much; it was very amiable of him to help me. *Bon jour, Monsieur.*"

I raised my hat to patient womanhood, and walked across the street.

When I came to my own door I found Madame the concierge there talking to another woman, and she smiled at me.

"So Monsieur was helping Madame Justine?" she remarked, and she and the other woman exchanged glances of rather sad amusement.

"Madame Justine?" I queried; "so that is her name."

"Yes, Monsieur, this is the concierge from over there; she was here talking to me when you passed."

"Ah," I turned to the other concierge. "I hear Madame Justine's mistress is ill?"

She flung up her hands.

"Ah, Monsieur, Madame la Comtesse is always ill; she never leaves her room. For five years they have been here, and she has never been out. It's very sad."

"Madame la Comtesse?" I quoted. "Is she then a Countess?"

"Oh, yes, Monsieur, my husband's cousin came to see us two years ago, and he heard me mention the name, and he told us all about them. He comes from the same part."

Then, ever ready for a gossip, the woman poured out the story, one of the very ordinary, every-day stories of ruin and disaster. It was only that part which concerned Madame Justine that was unusual.

The story was of a beautiful château, extensive grounds, much luxury, an extravagant owner, mortgage, gambling losses, and all the horrible, petty deceit a gambler has resort to.

His death by drowning; then, on affairs being examined, the news broken to the poor widow that there was nothing, simply nothing. She was already fifty, helpless and childless, with no idea how to live on the small annuity the lawyers managed to secure for her with the money which the sale of her personal belongings brought.

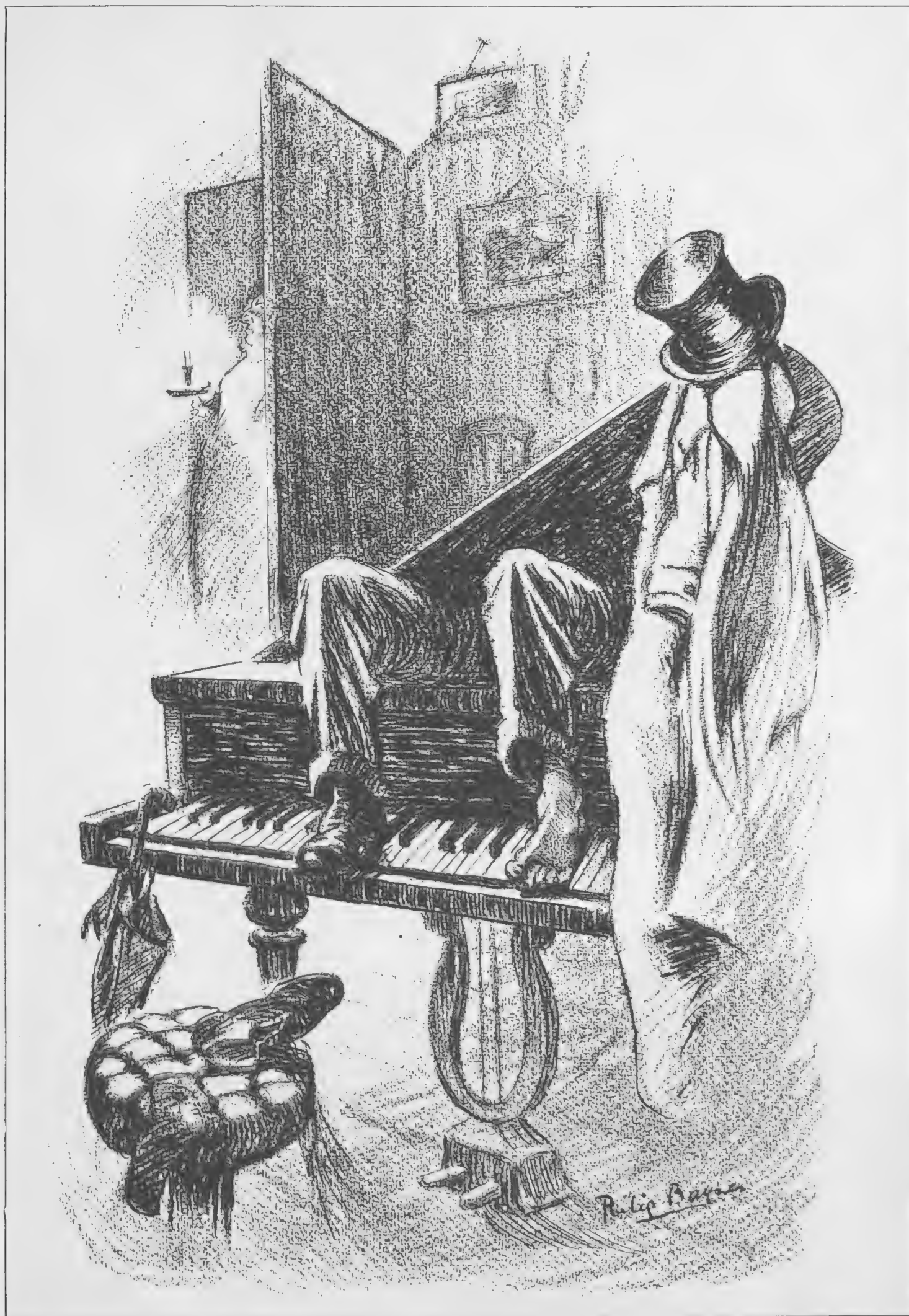
Her maid was Justine. She was twenty-eight at that time, and was going to marry. She had been with her mistress since she was a young girl.

She went to her fiancé and asked him if she might take the

[Continued overleaf.]



THE EFFECTS OF A GRAND NIGHT.



THE GENTLEMAN WHO HAS GONE TO BED IN THE GRAND PIANO: Wish you wouldn't shtart practisn' just when I'm in bed—most inconsiderate.

DRAWN BY PHILIP BAYNES.

Countess into their house and see after her, but the man indignantly refused.

Justine went back, packed up the few goods belonging to herself and her mistress, and left the country for Paris.

That was thirty years ago. Now the old lady was eighty, and had been bedridden for ten years. During all that time Justine had lived only for her, saw no one, wrote to no one.

"She lives on next to nothing," concluded the concierge. "God knows how she does it. Mind, she never speaks of this; it was only my husband's cousin who happened to know the story. Madame Justine has no relations left—all are dead. She has no money, and the old lady's money dies with her. I have never been in their flat, but I know she keeps it beautiful; she is always working. Just two rooms and a kitchen on the fifth floor, Monsieur, and she who had a beautiful château too!"

So that was the story! I went up to my flat feeling sad, and wondering if I could do anything to help to lighten the burden of this dear, brave, devoted woman.

I got into the habit of meeting Mme. Justine as if by accident and walking by her side, and I would tell her everything I could think of to amuse and interest her.

She never spoke of her affairs, either past or present, though she was quite polite and kind and soon lost the shyness she had at first.

Sometimes I gave her a few flowers, and this would please her more than anything. I knew her too well to dare to offer anything else.

So the time passed on till we were well on into December, and the weather was cold and raw. I went over to England for a few days at Christmas-time, and returned by the night train on Boxing Day, as I had some important business to see to on the 27th. I only had a bag, so I had my *petit déjeuner* at a café opposite the Gare St. Lazare, and saw about my business as early as I could. The office I had to go to was quite close to the station, in the Rue de Rome. I remained there till twelve, then started to walk home, carrying my bag. I went along the Boulevard Haussmann, and so on into the Rue Lafayette. My own road opens out of this.

The weather was horrible; a drizzling rain was falling, and it was piercingly cold. Luckily, weather never affects me much, and I always prefer walking to driving.

When I had got a little way down the Rue Lafayette, I saw the people on the pavements some distance away stopping and looking at something. I wondered what it could be to make a hurrying crowd stop even for a moment on such an awful day.

Then I saw that a funeral was coming towards me. Only a hearse, and of the very poorest kind. I wondered still more why people stopped—such a sight could be seen every day in Paris.

Then, as the hearse came nearer, I saw women on the pavements drop their skirts in the mud and hastily find a handkerchief and wipe their eyes. Men held their hats uplifted for a longer time than usual, and stopped quite still to do it, letting the rain drizzle unnoticed on their unprotected heads.

Then, as the hearse came abreast of me, I lifted my hat and stood still too. It was the ordinary open hearse, and the coffin was covered with the ordinary cheapest black pall. On the side nearest me was a packet of mauve china asters in a piece of paper, and by their side was one bunch of violets.

Following the hearse was one figure, and now I knew why people had stopped.

It is so unusual to see only one mourner. One may live alone all one's life, but when Death comes in all his majesty, people appear as if by magic, and sometimes the person who has lived loneliest has most company to see him to his last resting place.

But here was only one. Following quite close to the hearse, skirts high uplifted, umbrella over head, splashing through the slippery mud, came an old woman. It was Madame Justine, and her mouth looked crosser than ever. Strange women were crying for the lonely figure, but she was not crying. Her face was only very grey and very tired.

I stepped forward.

"Will you let me walk with you?" I asked, choking over the words.

She shook her head.

"No, thank you, Monsieur; *she* would not like it."

So she went on alone, and all along the route I saw the people stopping and the women dropping their skirts in the mud.

I made a commotion when I got back, and said I ought to have been telegraphed for. It made my concierge open her eyes in astonishment.

I tore over to the concierge opposite and asked questions, and got excited.

Madame la Comtesse had died on Christmas Day.

"What was Madame Justine going to do?"

They did not know.

"Would they come and tell me directly they knew?"

"Why, certainly."

I did not dare disturb Madame Justine that day. I saw her enter the house with a strange man, and supposed she was making some arrangements about letting the flat.

I had to go out very early next morning, and I was away till four o'clock. Then I went boldly into the house opposite and asked for Madame Justine.

The concierge flung up her arms. "She has gone, Monsieur."

"Gone?"

"Yes; I went over to you, but you were not there. She sold

the furniture—it all went this morning. She had no rent to pay; they had given notice, and it was paid a quarter in advance. She took two trunks, and went off by cab at one o'clock."

"Where has she gone?"

"How am I to know, Monsieur? She would tell me nothing; she only told the cabman to drive her to the boulevards."

"Did you not take his number?"

"No, Monsieur; I never thought of that."

I raged and cursed, and tore off to a detective. Days and days passed, and I could get no news.

Now a year has gone by, and I have no news of any kind. Madame Justine has vanished.

If you should see her any day, please let me know, as my rest is disturbed very often by thoughts of her. An old, tired woman of sixty, with no money and no friends, out in the hard, grey world all alone.

You see, I said my story would be dull, but I had to tell it. It is the only thing I can think of, and I may hear of Madame Justine through these means.

THE END.



"Falling yesterday from a bridge at Chirk, a child of five was unhurt, her clothes filling with wind and acting as a parachute."—DAILY PAPER.

OUR ARTIST SUGGESTS THAT, AEROPLANES STILL BEING IMPERFECT, AERONAUTS SHOULD ADOPT COSTUMES OF A KIND THAT MIGHT WELL BE DESCRIBED AS BOTH ORNAMENTAL AND PRESERVATIVE. HE GIVES SOME DESIGNS.

DRAWN BY H. RADCLIFFE WILSON.



# WORLD'S WHISPERS

THE inconveniences of having sons at sea are many, but at a Naval College the unexpected is not so likely to occur; and the Prince and Princess of Wales expected nothing, and found nothing, amiss with their boys, whom they visited during the past week-end at Osborne. Quite otherwise was it for the King and Queen when they, as Prince and Princess, had seafaring anxieties. It is still remembered what consternation reigned in the royal household when it was reported that its two sons had had their noses tattooed by way of a lark, for it might have been a matter of considerable constitutional gravity. The nose of the heir to a throne should on no account be tampered with; of divers colours, it would be unbecoming in a king. Immediate inquiries were set on foot, and it is not necessary to say that the prank had been greatly exaggerated. It is comforting to think that the present generation of young princes is still ashore, and part of it in the college choir.



WELL KNOWN AS AN AVIATOR: THE NEW LORD HARDWICKE (FORMERLY LORD ROYSTON). The new Lord Hardwicke is much interested in aviation. He holds the Aero Club's pilot certificate.

Photograph by Al. Shadwell Clerke.

The new Lord Hardwicke is much interested in aviation. He holds the Aero Club's pilot certificate.

Their Houses in Order. It would be unkind to say that all England will celebrate Mr. Lowther's birthday to-morrow; the day will be celebrated, but with not too personal a reference to the Speaker. By good fortune most of his friends had the opportunity of congratulating him on his fifty-four years yesterday, when there could be no suspicion of a jest to spoil the perfect sincerity of his innumerable well-wishers. At Mrs. Lowther's reception at the Speaker's House—a dwelling that is one of the more substantial compensations for the trials of a singularly arduous office—there were innumerable people—but no birthday-cake; it will certainly not be forgotten to-morrow in the house in which it is Mrs. Lowther who cries "Order, Order!" and keeps it.

"Donna Beatrice." If last year a young lady's "no" sounded down the Tiber, this year her "yes" is heard all round the walls of Rome. Don Theoduli, who is, in other words, engaged to Miss Beatrice Thaw, is the son of one of Rome's noblest houses; and his pedigree is carried back

even, some experts say, to Queen Theodelinde, a lady of the Dark Ages, but of fair legend. Don Theoduli is of the "Black" party, that offers its first allegiance to the Vatican, and only a courtesy loyalty to the throne of Italy. To his House belongs the privilege of bearing one of the poles of the Pope's canopy, and the use of the "Don." The future Donna Beatrice, talented as she is lovely, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Blair Thaw, of California, who until they moved this year to a villa just without the walls of the

Eternal City, have for some time been the fortunate tenants of the famous Villa Aurora.

From Pavilion to Polling-Booth.

Mr. Raphael knows how to gulp defeat as well as he knows

how to swallow victory: that, at least, is a lesson learnt on the playing-fields of England. But it is doubtful whether he gained, so far as Croydon was concerned, much else on them; for the Raphael of games is almost too active a young man to be regarded very seriously on the platform. His youth is so manifest when he gets into cricket flannels or football "shorts" that it is necessary to know your man in a collar and coat before you can credit his interest and alertness in things serious. But whatever befalls Mr. Raphael—or Raffles, as he was called at Oxford, when he stole runs from the best fielding sides—he will, like Lord Harris, always be a man of games, and particularly of the king of games.

Lavish Captains. Apropos of the amateur cricketer and of Lord Harris, "of Seringapatam and Mysore, East Indies, and of Belmont, in Kent," it should be stated that the idea that, during the long term of his captaincy of the Hop County, he charged the club with his expenses, is inaccurate. Much truer it is to say that he has always been as lavish as the famous Lord Mountford, of whom it is remembered that he sent his own horses all over England to collect his eleven men of the bat and ball. Lord Harris is even now working hard in the interests of his county, and especially also in those of Blythe, the bowler, whose "benefit" is fixed for the coming summer.



THE ONLY SISTER OF THE WAR MINISTER: MISS HALDANE.

Miss Haldane has associated herself with her brother's interests, and is a keen supporter of his Territorial scheme. She is the author of an excellent study on Descartes.

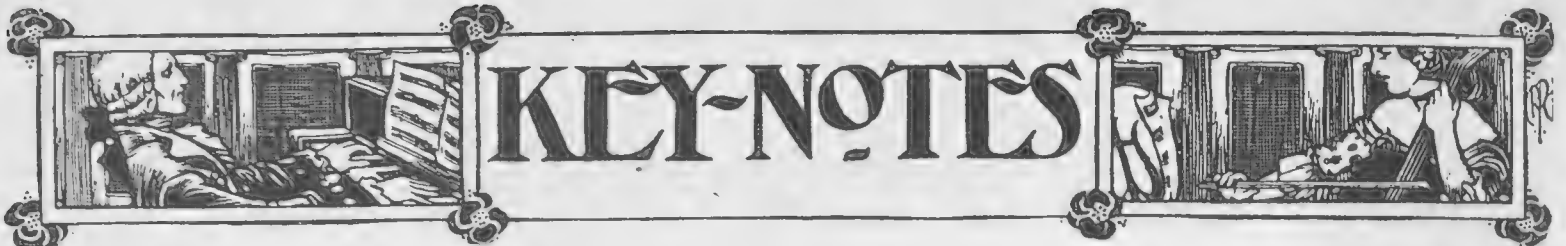
Photograph by Alice Hughes.



A LANDSMAN, BUT STILL WITH HIS HEART IN THE SERVICE: LORD CHARLES BERESFORD LEAVING HIS FLAGSHIP THE "KING EDWARD VII." AFTER HIS FAREWELL TO THE OFFICERS AND CREW.

Lord Charles had a magnificent "send-off" on the occasion of his retirement from the Navy last week. The popular Admiral crossed the gangway accompanied by Captain Montague E. Browning, his Chief of Staff, and Rear-Admiral F. Sturdee. All three officers were in mufti. Cheering is forbidden in the neighbourhood of the dockyard, therefore the farewell of the officers and men took the form of vigorous hand-clapping.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



"Omar Khayyam." Edward FitzGerald was born one hundred years ago to-day, and his "Omar Khayyam" was given to the world just fifty years later, so that it celebrates its jubilee this year. For a generation it was ignored; only in the past two decades has a copy been found among the books of educated men and women. Still later in the day have musicians turned their attention to its endless possibilities. Liza Lehmann's song-cycle, "In a Persian Garden," dates from 1896. Mr. Granville Bantock's "Omar Khayyam" is a more recent composition. The second part was given by the London Choral Society last week, with Miss Phyllis Lett as the Beloved, Mr. Thorpe Bates as the Philosopher, and Mr. John Coates as the Poet. Interlude, choruses, and solos were alike delightful; the imagery of the poem, whether strong or delicate, seems to appeal with equal force and directness to the composer's heart and brain, and the work must have inspired the singers, for it was rendered with whole-hearted enthusiasm that delighted the audience. Mr. Bantock is a composer who has always "felt the East a-calling"; witness his "Songs of the East," his "Lalla Rookh," and other works, so finely imagined and expressed. It may not be generally remembered that Mr. Bantock went on tour round the world as conductor for

say nothing of its enthusiasm, justifies the theory that novelties are not a *sine qua non* with the supporters of the London Symphony Orchestra, whose directors announce an extra concert for April 7.

#### The Man of the Hour.

Mlle. Velnard at Bechstein's, and the composer has conducted "Wallenstein," his own Trilogy for Orchestra, at Queen's Hall, and been the guest at a reception arranged in his honour by the Concert-goers' Club. His music has made a great impression, and many people are regretting that it has not crossed the Channel before. M. d'Indy, who was born nearly sixty years ago, started his professional career as a pianist about the time he came of age, and then became chorus-master and a drum-player in Colonne's orchestra. The "Wallenstein" Trilogy was composed nearly thirty years ago—a part of it even earlier. He is the composer of several symphonies and two successful operas, "Fervaal" and "L'Etranger," for which he wrote his own libretti. M. d'Indy has always held aloof from the crowd, content to allow the various misconceptions of his critics to die a natural death. He has a very marked dramatic sense and a marvellous ingenuity in matters of the orchestra. Just as a very skilled cook can make an appetising dish out of most unpromising materials, so the composer of "Wallenstein" can weave the simplest melodic material into music of undeniable charm; and when his inspiration fails or seems to fail him, his infinite resource comes to his aid. In Paris and Brussels M. d'Indy's work is quite familiar, and he has written the incidental music for several successful plays. He and M. Debussy are regarded as the pioneers of the modern musical movement in France.

#### A COUSIN OF THE KING WHO HAS SUNG AT A FATHER VAUGHAN LECTURE: LADY VALDA MACHELL.

Before her marriage Lady Valda, who is a cousin of the King, was the Countess Valda Gleichen. She sang recently at a lecture given by Father Bernard Vaughan on Socialism.

#### AMERICA'S FAMOUS FESTIVAL AND ORATORIO SOPRANO: MME. ANITA RIO, WHO APPEARED IN LONDON YESTERDAY.

Mme. Rio made her first appearance in London yesterday (Tuesday). Many regard her as America's greatest festival and oratorio soprano. She is to give a concert at the Albert Hall in September.

one of Mr. George Edwardes' companies in the early 'nineties. His sense of colour is felt throughout the orchestra, and his name on a concert programme is guarantee of work that has a definite appeal. As the composer has only just completed his fortieth year, we may hope that he has much beautiful music in store for us.

#### The Richter Concert.

To the full extent that brilliant playing and a wise selection of established masterpieces can compensate for the absence of the modern note, the London Symphony Orchestra was justified by the programme of its concert at Queen's Hall last week. Sir Hubert Parry, whose "Symphonic Variations in E" met with a reception worthy of their merits, is one of our great composers, though his gifts do not appeal readily to those who care most for sensational music. His knowledge is very great; his inspiration seldom fails him, and if he had given himself a German or even an Italian name at the outset of his career, his work would have enjoyed great popularity in this country. As it is, he claims the respect of the few, and perhaps that is more to him than the unstinted and often thoughtless applause of the many. The provinces are more fortunate than London in hearing his music, and there is hardly any form of composition in which he has not made his mark. The Symphony was Brahms's First, and it is needless to remark that it was splendidly played, for Dr. Richter interprets Brahms as he interprets Wagner, with a clear sense of the composer's ultimate aims. Mr. Leonard Borwick played Mozart's Piano-forte Concerto in G with perfect fluency and considerable depth of feeling, and introduced his own effective cadenzas. If we are contented with programmes that have no suspicion of novelties we could not wish them presented more delightfully, and the size of the audience, to



FLAUTIST BY APPOINTMENT TO THE KAISER: FRÄULEIN VERA GAEBEN.

The Kaiser appointed Fräulein Gaeben "professional flautist to the royal family" after hearing her perform at a Berlin concert.

readily to be exhausted, while we have no more than thirteen weeks of grand opera, and Italy continues to claim the largest number of performances.

COMMON CHORD.





### Michelin Munificence.

Esteeeming themselves now a British manufacturing concern, Messrs. Michelin and Co. are resolved to give a fair field and no favour to British aviators. The measure they have meted out to the flying Frenchmen or those others who have flown in France they now, with open hand, offer to the aeroplanists of this country. The Aero Club of the United Kingdom has received a letter from Messrs. Michelin, in which this great rubber firm offer a trophy, represented by a work of art of the total value of £500, to carry with it an annual subsidy of £500 for a term of five years, for the best aeroplane records to be made in each individual year. The cup or trophy is to be known as the "English Michelin Cup," and is to be competed for under conditions to be laid down by the Aero Club and to be approved by the donors.

### A British Record for British Men and Machines.

The holder of this trophy, and the fortunate person or firm to secure the sum of £500 that goes therewith, will be the aviator who, before sunset on March 31, 1910, shall have flown the greatest distance on a course set out within the confines of the United Kingdom. The record for each succeeding year, to be esteemed a record, must be at least twice the distance accomplished in the preceding year, until the total distance covered has reached 250 miles. Thereafter the Club and Michelin will decide. An essential and very proper condition of the competition is that the trophy can be won only by a Briton manipulating a British-made machine.

### Breakdown Com- petitions for Clubs.

Automobile club officials admit difficulty in arranging competitions to interest their members and keep their clubs together, for now that the Club and the authorities have sat down hard on road competitions, it is something of a problem to devise attractive amusements. Gymkhanas are all very well in their way, but one per annum is as good as a feast, and garden parties can only happen when clubs have members fortunate enough to possess the necessary facilities therefor, and generous enough to extend hospitality to their fellow-clubmen. I wonder, then, that club executives do not organise occasional breakdown competitions, in which all the members who take any pride in mechanical diagnosis could compete. In these contests, a car is taken and put out of action in some more or

less obscure manner, the object being to test the capability of the competitors in diagnosing and remedying the trouble in the shortest possible time.

### Engine Definition by Earl!

There is yet another competition with which clubs, following a French example, might concern themselves. It is called "Le Concours d'Oreille," which may be Englished as an "ear-competition." The method of the contest is to take as many cars as may be convenient, and to run their engines with open exhausts behind a screen. The competitors, who have no knowledge of the cars to be used and no sight of them, are required to note down what they deem to be the make of each car solely by the tone and note of the exhaust. A competition of this kind was organised by *L'Auto* last Sunday at the Garage Schrader, in the Avenue de la Grande Armée, Paris, when Renault, Panhard, Gobron-Brillié, Sizaire, Peugeot, Mercedes, Clement, Delage, Grégoire, Mors, and Pipe cars were concerned. It would be thought that a trained ear would have little difficulty in distinguishing between the pistol reports of a Sizaire, the double-barrelled pom-pom of a Gobron, the eager snort of a Mercedes, or the gentle breathing of a Renault. But they tell me that even experts occasionally make most ludicrous mistakes in such competitions.

### A Non-Bursting Inner Tube.

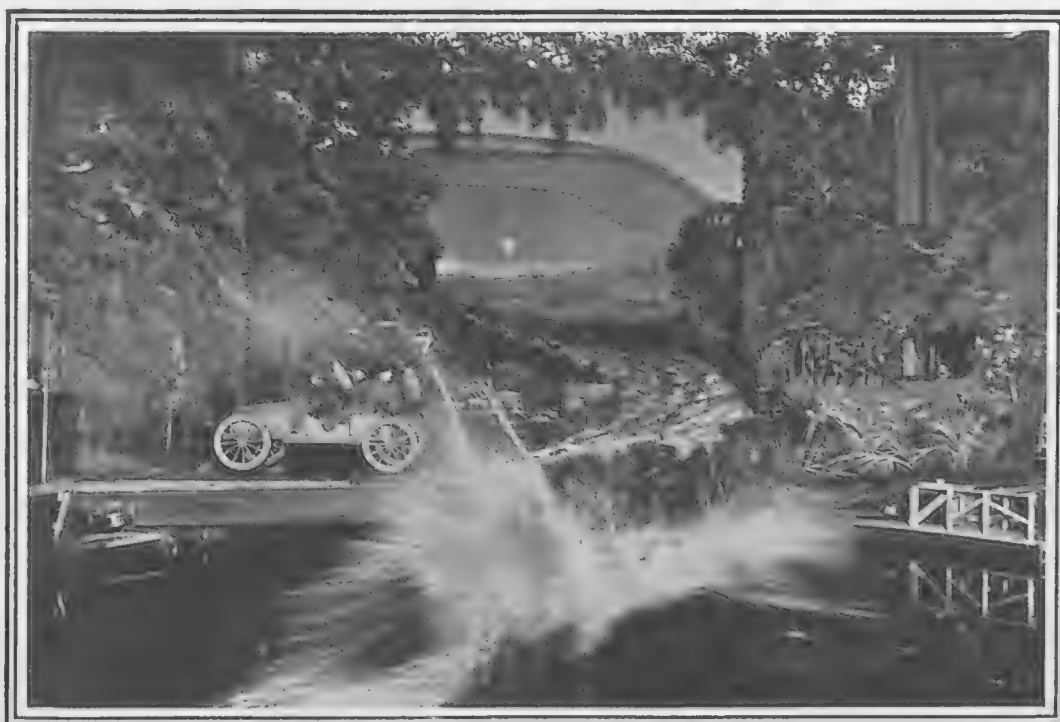
An inner tube is now being placed upon the market which, if it acts up to promise, will not only save much trouble from the burst of the tube through sudden fractures in outer covers, but will, even when slits or cracks have occurred in the tread, enable the car to be driven home without the knuckle-skining, back-aching job of filling a new tube. The inner tube in question is similar in all outward aspect to the present expansible tube of commerce, save that in

the course of manufacture an insertion of particularly strong fabric is made up into the substance of the material. This fabric occurs for nearly the whole of the transverse circumference of the tube; but it fails to meet or make a perfect circle for about one and a quarter inches at that portion of the tube which lies between the inner faces of the stiffened edges or beads. Here the tube is all rubber, and is about twice as thick as the rest. The object of this is to give the tube a certain power of expansion, which permits it to expand sufficiently to accommodate itself to the internal contour of the cover.



THE SCENIC AEROPLANE: THE FLYING-MACHINES THAT ARE TO BE A FEATURE OF THE NEXT WHITE CITY EXHIBITION.

During the coming season at the White City, it will be possible for visitors to experience the sensation of flight by taking a trip on the scenic aeroplanes to the top of a hill giving a magnificent view of the Exhibition grounds. From this point the aeroplane makes a flight at a breathless speed towards the earth, but, skimming along horizontally for a short distance, it soars once more to the mountain-top, whence a general view of the Exhibition is presented—but from another standpoint. Continuing its course, it circles round the end of the mountain and sheers in a gentle curve parallel to the rocky face until the other extremity of the mountain is reached. Again it sheers like a sea-gull around the extremity of the mountain, opening up new vistas as it proceeds. Circling and sheering, the ground-level is finally reached, and the visitor steps to earth after a unique and exhilarating experience.



POSSIBLY SUGGESTED BY THE VIOLET CHARLESWORTH AFFAIR: "THE MOTOR CHASE," AT THE HIPPODROME—THE VILLAIN'S CAR FALLING INTO THE STREAM.

"The Motor Chase" is one of the most thrilling spectacles that has been seen at the Hippodrome. The photograph shows the car containing the villain (played by Mr. C. W. Somerset) dashing into a stream off the Plymouth Road, during the attempt to overtake the car belonging to the hero and heroine (played by Mr. Philip Cunningham and Miss Maude Cressall).

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.

# THE WORLD OF SPORT

**Newbury.** Newbury Spring Meeting is held to-day and to-morrow, the programme for each day being a very attractive one. There is plenty of money to be won by owners of racehorses, such prizes as the Spring Cup of 1250 sovs., the Greenham Stakes of 1000 sovs., the Berkshire Three-Year Handicap of 500 sovs., the Spring Three-Year-Old Stakes of 300 sovs., and the valuable Spring Produce Stakes for two-year-olds figuring in the list, besides minor stakes worth from 150 to 250 sovs. The Newbury Meetings are run on such forward lines that there is no room for wonder that the fields, under both sets of rules, are generally of the plethoric order. I recollect on the day that Succory won the Spring Cup there were two tremendous fields of two-year-olds, and I was astonished at the confidence with which punters tackled problems which seemed insoluble to careful backers. In each case the favourite won, so that perhaps one should not be so much afraid of the numbers that line up. Large fields

**The "City."** Not much light was shed on the City and Suburban Handicap, which is to be decided on April 21, by the running of the Lincoln Handicap. Only three of the horses that ran in the latter race are nominated for the Epsom event, and of those two may be dismissed. The two are Velvet and the much-boomed French horse, Borax. Improved condition would naturally mean improved running; but the remaining one of the trio, Sir Archibald, was by far the most backward at Lincoln, and yet gave much the best show. Indeed, he seemed to have a chance of winning; lack of condition stopped him when three-quarters of the distance had been covered. At that point he was leading the field. Sir Archibald is regarded in many quarters as being just a brilliant sprinter. He certainly is that, but I see no reason to suppose that he cannot stay a few furlongs beyond the accepted sprinting distances—that is, five or six furlongs. It may be, then, that he will play a prominent part in the City and Suburban. All the same,



THE WINNER OF THE HIGH JUMP: MR. A. C. B. BELLERBY (CAMBRIDGE)—5 ft. 11½ in.



THE WINNER OF THE QUARTER-MILE AND THE 100 YARDS: MR. L. C. HULL (OXFORD)—49 3-5 sec. and 10 2-5 sec.

a smile at the first Newbury Meeting that it has become a fixture. Much of the success of the venture is due to Mr. Porter's practical knowledge. And a word must again be given to the Great Western Railway for their wonderful service of specials.

have been the order ever since the venture was established, and there is every prospect that they will continue that way. Of the Newbury stewards Lord Coventry is generally to be seen, while the races are being run, in the "crow's-nest"—the familiar name of the stewards' stand, erected at the bottom of the members' enclosure. Another prominent figure associated with that stand is Mr. John Porter, the managing director, whose genial face was wreathed in such

DARK BLUES VERSUS LIGHT BLUES AT QUEEN'S CLUB: THE WINNERS AT THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE SPORTS.

I do not think he will win. According to my estimate of the capabilities of the two animals, I regard it as a tolerably good thing for Llangwm to give Mr. Basset's colt 13 lb.—the difference at which they have to meet. I have said before that I think Llangwm

the best horse in training up to a mile and a quarter; and should he be sent to the post fit and well, I think he will win. One of his most dangerous opponents may be Dean Swift, who is confidently expected by his owner to win the third time. He secured the race in 1906 and 1908.



THE WINNER OF THE HALF-MILE: MR. P. STORMONTH-DARLING (OXFORD)—1 min. 59 sec.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page



1. THE WINNER OF THE THREE MILES: MR. A. M. BROWN (OXFORD), 15 MIN.

2. THE WINNER OF THE LONG JUMP: MR. G. D. MURRAY (CAMBRIDGE), 22 FT. ½ IN.

3. THE WINNER OF THE 120 YARDS HURDLES: MR. G. R. L. ANDERSON (OXFORD), 16 SEC.

4. THE WINNER OF THROWING THE HAMMER: MR. R. H. LINDSAY - WATSON (CAMBRIDGE), 148 FT. 10 IN.

5. THE WINNER OF PUTTING THE WEIGHT: MR. W. H. BLEADEN (OXFORD), 36 FT. 2 IN.

6. THE WINNER OF THE MILE: MR. P. J. BAKER (CAMBRIDGE), 4 MIN. 27 3-5 SEC.





By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**The Airs and Graces of 1850.**

With amazing felicity, Mr. W. Somerset Maugham has revived for us, in "The Noble Spaniard," the airs and graces, the curious drawing-room *minauderies* of 1850. For it is not only their hoops and flounces, their side-spring boots and one-button gloves, which differentiate these pretty women of 1850 from the pretty women of the twentieth century. There are abysses between their mental outlook. The most salient characteristics of Mid-Victorian women were their archness and their sentimentality. How they shook their curls at what they would have called "the gentlemen," how they longed for romance, how quickly they became pettish, how they scratched each other with their little claws! The solidarity of women—that most formidable invention of the last fifteen years, compared to which the aeroplane is but a mechanical toy—had not yet been thought of. The ladies of 1850 had many admirable qualities, and they possibly knew better how to "manage" their men-folk than their more strenuous descendants do to-day, but their coquettish manners must have been extraordinarily irritating. They were even "arch" to persons of their own sex, which must be set down as a lamentable waste of force, for the airs and graces of the 'fifties were only the simulated battle-armour of the fair, and certainly took in no one of the feminine sex. Then, as now, Woman had a sound layer of common-sense underneath her drawing-room manner.

**A Woman Born Too Soon.**

If ever a woman was born at the wrong psychological moment, that woman was Jane Welsh Carlyle. A brilliant, witty, slightly supercilious creature, of rare charm and mental attainments, she should have reigned over a *salon*, have been the wife of a great editor or of a political leader. She was cramped, cabined and confined by genteel poverty. If she had seen the light in the eighteenth-eighties instead of the eighteenth-twenties, she would have turned her rare literary talent to the making of books, instead of spoiling her pretty hands by making loaves for the dyspeptic author of "Sartor Resartus." No doubt it was essential that Carlyle should have bread which he could digest, but the world lost a remarkable novelist of "manners" when his wife forswore a literary career. She had no field for her energies, no outlet for her ideas, no safety-valve for her "nerves." If she had been a young woman now, she would have occupied herself with a dozen public questions, gone electioneering, and earned untold shekels from the American magazines. She would have held sway in a drawing-room unique even in London, for she attracted women every whit as much as men. The late Lady Ripon once declared at a dinner-party that she would never forgive Geraldine Jewsbury

for having "taken from her Mrs. Carlyle." As for the great men of the mid-Victorian era, they one and all acknowledged the singular fascination of the little lady in Cheyne Row. It is possible that Mrs. Carlyle occasionally consoled herself, innocently enough, for her husband's grumpy ways.

At any rate, it is the secret of Polichinelle that Leigh Hunt's famous poem, "Jenny Kissed Me," has for heroine no less a personage than Jane Welsh Carlyle.

**Houses and Incomes.**

Chancellors in charge of Budgets are having a hard time just now in quest of fresh persons and objects to tax. In France they are going the extraordinary length of mulcting the foreigner—or rather winter visitor—within their gates, so that next year may see the dazzling white villas of Cannes and Beaulieu comparatively empty, and the villas of San Remo and Pegli full. This is because income-tax authorities still go on the absurd assumption that everyone's income is seven times that of his house-rent. In the Ark this may have been the case, but nowadays most people spend far more in proportion in housing themselves than, according to this hard-and-fast rule, they can legitimately "afford." And after all, why not? If people choose to economise in dress and amusements, for instance, and enjoy pleasant rooms in a good district, why may they not indulge their inclination without outraging the financial proprieties? A low rent in town means the distant suburbs, with all the expenditure on taxicabs which such a residence involves. Another device by which many people enjoy a house in Mayfair or Belgravia during most of the year is to let it at a fantastic sum during the whirling times of May, June, and July, and hie themselves to the country.

**The Epidemic of The German Hideous Hats.**

is nothing compared to the scare which is being created in masculine circles by the present epidemic of hideous feminine hats. These monstrosities of millinery have broken out everywhere, like the measles and the mumps, and nothing can stay their spreading to the entire female population of these islands except the most vigorous measures for their immediate suppression. If the

average woman possessed a keen sense of humour—which I fear she does not—she would never place one of these inverted waste-paper-baskets or beehives on her head at all; she would run a mile rather than be in danger of being tempted to wear one. Even a beauty can look plain in the fashionable hat of this spring; and as for the homely, heaven help them! Whoever invents our head-gear I know not, but this arbiter of fashion ought at any rate to be an artist, and not an individual with a taste for practical jokes.



A CHARMEUSE EVENING GOWN IN EMPIRE GREEN.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)



## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

### Fools' Caps.

Caps are out of favour, and women are seldom real fools, although there is no denying, as Mrs. Poyser said in "Adam Bede," that "women are foolish, for God Almighty made 'em to match the men." A proof of their folly is the queerness of the hats that they have accepted for the coming season. They are so queer that everything else in the toilette is lost sight of—herein lies the folly. There should be a properly balanced attractiveness to secure success. A sensational head and modest, humble body, with unremarkable feet and hands, mean loss of proportion. At Lord and Lady Douro's wedding last week I could not see what the dresses were like for staring at the hats. These were not unbecoming, and they were very smart; but taken as hats, apart from the heads, they were—some of them—grotesque. What fills one with misgivings is the cheap imitations of them, so sadly and madly at variance with the dresses with which they will be worn. To-morrow will be All Fools' Day; there are plenty of hats, if not caps, ready for the occasion.

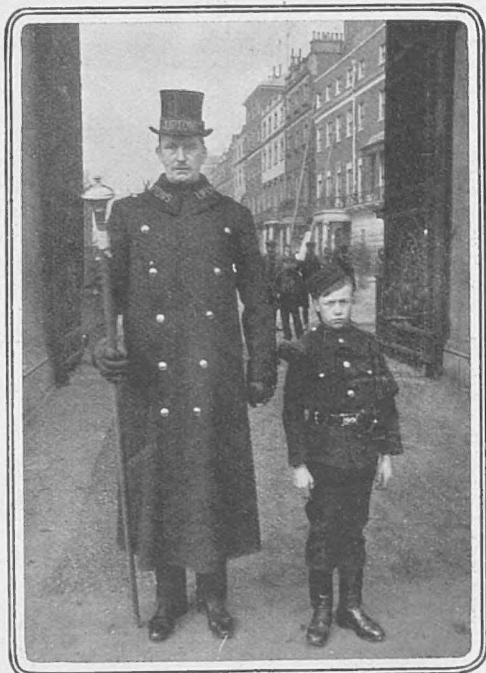
### Restoration of the Waist-Line.

The all-important change in dress shown in almost every Parisian and Viennese model is the lowered waist-line. It has now almost reached the position assigned to it by Nature; there are indications that it may eventually be elongated to the proportions beloved of good Queen Bess, who believed in less legs and more body. The greater length of the lower portion of the female form divine is right because it is natural. Exaggeration either way is a mistake. On "Woman's Ways" page is a drawing of a charmeuse evening gown in a lovely shade of Empire green. The panel of lace down the front is dyed a similar green, and is slightly worked with copper. The same idea is embodied in the sleeves, from which hang green-and-copper tassels. Over the shoulders are scarves of green gauze veiled in copper tissue, and caught into buckles of raised work in the same two tones. It will be seen that, while the waist-line is longer, the greater length given to the lower portion of the figure is graceful.

### The National and Tweed Suits.

It is not given only to the stronger sex to enjoy the comfort of tweed suits. Coats and skirts are now called suits for convenience, and there are women's suit-cases as well as men's. The Liverpool Meeting at this time of year calls for a general wearing of suits. There have been Grand Nationals in snowstorms ere now, and the wind in the early spring is always keen at Aintree—sometimes "cold" is but a courtesy title for it. The tweed suits of the hour are very practical, for the coats are long—rather more than three-quarter—and give, of course, double protection. Tweed is not the only wear; there are cloth, serge, and corduroy. This year the parties from Knowsley and Eaton Hall were missing; but Lord and Lady Sefton had a party at Croxeth, and Mr. and Mrs. Hall Walker also entertained a large party. The Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry and the Earl and Countess of Ilchester were among their guests. Mr. Walker, who was in the Volunteers and is an Hon. Colonel in the Reserve Artillery, does not himself take a military title, though he frequently has one thrust on him. He is a brother of Sir Peter Walker, and his very handsome wife was Miss Sophie Sheridan. She has prematurely silvered hair, which emphasises her youthful complexion and her bright blue eyes. The Countess of Kingston is Mr. Hall Walker's sister.

Dom Miguel, Duke of Braganza, has, it is announced, surrendered his claim to the throne of Portugal, and will, in future, live in Lisbon and support the throne of his kinsman, King Manoel. It is interesting to recall that his Royal Highness's mother, the aged Dowager Duchess Adelaide, is now in the Isle of Wight. She joined the famous French Benedictine Convent of Solesmes some twelve years ago, and accompanied the community to our hospitable shores when it was expelled from France. Dom Miguel has been twice married, and has a large family, numbering altogether nine children. He is an intellectual-looking man, with refined features, clean-shaven save for an abundant moustache, and expressive, thoughtful eyes.



PAT LONG AND CADET SHORT: PATRICK O'CONNOR, THE IRISH GIANT, AND A MEMBER OF LIPTON'S CADET CORPS.

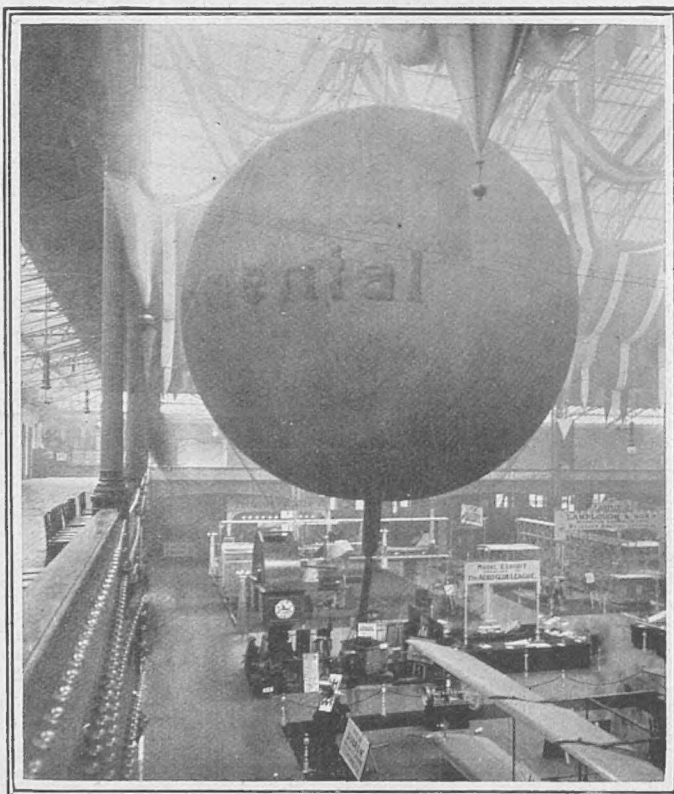
Patrick O'Connor is 7 ft. 4 in. in height. By his side is shown the smallest member of Lipton's Cadet Corps, all members of which are employes of Lipton, Limited.

work. On her own account, too, she has written a most capable study of Descartes. When Mr. Haldane became War Minister, she threw herself with equal ardour into these very different interests. Naturally enough, the nursing service of the Territorials has found in her a most capable organiser.

Lady Lyttelton, the wife of General Sir Neville Lyttelton, commanding the Forces in Ireland, is giving a ball at the Royal Hospital, Dublin, during the forthcoming Punchestown Races. Lady Lyttelton comes of a clever family, the Stuart Wortleys, who are also noted for their good looks. Both she and her husband are extremely popular in Dublin, as was conspicuously shown in February, when their daughter Hilda married Mr. Arthur Grenfell among general rejoicings.

The Duchess of Leeds and her handsome son, Lord Carmarthen, who has lately celebrated his eighth birthday, make a charming picture. The Duchess is very clever and literary, and she writes charming short stories and poetry; her best-known book is perhaps "Capriccios." It is said that the Duchess was the prototype of Madame Sarah Grand's heroine, Ideala.

The children of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire are rapidly growing up, and the day is surely approaching when another Lord Hartington will sit on the benches of the House of Commons. Already the young gentleman who bears that familiar courtesy title is approaching his fourteenth birthday; his brother, Lord Charles, is much younger, but he has four sisters, who come in between. Naturally, they are great playmates with their little cousins, the children of Lord and Lady Richard Cavendish.



AT THE AERO EXHIBITION: THE CONTINENTAL TYRE AND RUBBER COMPANY'S STAND.

It is interesting to note that the Continental Tyre and Rubber Company have received a communication from the Royal Belgian Observatory at Uccle, stating that an experimental balloon manufactured of Continental balloon material reached an altitude of 95,222 ft. (over eighteen miles). This height has never before been attained by any existing balloon, and is striking testimony to the high quality of Continental balloon fabrics.—[Photograph by Argent Archer.]



## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on April 14.*

## MONEY AND OTHER THINGS.

THE strength of the Bank position and the practical certainty of a still further influx of gold within the next few weeks make a reduction of the official minimum a matter of very general expectation in the immediate future, and if only the Near Eastern danger can be cleared out of the way, there will be nothing but Mr. Lloyd George's Budget to ruffle the surface of the money markets. Speculation is rife as to what hen-roost will suffer, but almost everybody expects a super-tax on large incomes, and perhaps some addition to the stamp duties on bills of exchange, and such-like mercantile instruments. There are comparatively so few millionaires that their howling cannot make any considerable disturbance, but any increase in the stamp duties is bound to touch so many people that we have grave doubts as to whether it will be attempted.

Although the Home Railway Market is just now very featureless, the progress of the Working Union Bill of the Great Northern, the Great Central, and the Great Eastern Railways is being watched with considerable anxiety. The Government, it is announced, will support the proposals, and if the measure gets its second reading we may see quite a revival of interest in this long-neglected section of the market. There is no doubt that during the last few months very considerable economies have been effected in the working of almost every big line, as the result of arrangements for putting an end to the ruinous competition in which the boards at one time delighted to engage, and the Stock Exchange is very hopeful that the next results will show far better than the gross takes might lead people to expect.

## INVESTMENT OPPORTUNITIES.

To obtain 5 per cent. on the money, with little risk and small expense, the list of foreign government bonds provides plenty of opportunities. New Argentine Fives stand at 99½, and are cheap at that. Brazil is not much of a favourite with investors at the present time, yet it is difficult to suppose that Brazilian bonds will not get their coupons paid, and a Rio de Janeiro 5 per cent. issue, guaranteed by the Brazilian Government, can be bought at 95 for the fully paid scrip. Russian Fives of 1906 do not look expensive at 98½, seeing that a six-months coupon falls due on May 1. On these bonds there is no stamp-duty to pay; the broker charges only half of what his commission would be on registered stock, and the steadiness of prices is in most cases assisted by the fact of drawings being made at par either once or twice a year.

## MATTERS MISCELLANEOUS.

The newly aroused activity in Rubber shares has attracted further attention to this department, and Mincing Lane has made a bold bid to get the market transferred from the Stock Exchange to itself. So far the attempt has met with pronounced failure, for the simple reason that Mincing Lane does not know what "making prices" means, nor does it understand what is involved in running a book in shares. Between the House and Mincing Lane, however, the Rubber animation has been re-developed, and for this reason is likely to last longer. A curious section of the Miscellaneous Market is that which deals in Meat shares. Nelsons, Eastmans, and the rest of them get little sharp spasms of strength every now and again, which last a day or so, and then the whole thing fizzles out. Nevertheless, good people are buying Eastmans, and the price looks like improving. As a market tip, Sweetmeat Automatic shares at 16s. are greatly fancied, and might be good for a couple of shillings rise. Electric Theatres and Novel Electric Theatres are much too exclusive for our own money. If we held them, we should take a quick profit.

## ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

## The Stock Exchange.

One begins to grow more than a little weary of the Balkans business. Good one day and bad the next, the news causes alternations in prices which lead to no business. One can appreciate Consols being 84½ at two o'clock and 83½ at half past, if the prices bring along business. There's some sense in that. But when things go up and down like the thermometer on an April day, and never an order comes along in consequence—why, prices might as well have remained where they were, and saved themselves the fag of moving.

How dependent we are upon Continental support the recent happenings have abundantly testified. There may be but the most slender connection between Austria and the Argentine, between Serbia and South Manchuria, between the Dual Monarchy and Kaffir outcrops, yet the depressing hand of the first lies heavy upon business in the second. The Frenchman in particular, who is in a most unholly state of fright over the prospect of hostilities between Austria and Serbia, will do nothing whatever in the way of speculation or investment. The German is far too intent upon the doings of his country's ally to take interest in stocks and shares, and all over the Continent the fear of war has absolutely blanketed buying. Remove this horrible cloud, and such a rise would there be as never bear caught in it would care to see again while he was on the short tack. The conditions are splendid for an all-round bear squeeze, but without definite assurance of peace breaking out for good, it is doubtful whether the would-be tail-twisters will make a concerted move.

What they say in the House is that there is a woman, whose name is given, at the bottom of the whole affair, and that Baron Aehrenthal is taking vengeance upon another gentleman, well known in Russia, who aroused the wrath of the Austrian grandee. Truth, they say, is stranger than fiction: a dictum the value of which I, of course, as a member of the Stock Exchange, have had little opportunity for weighing.

This is the time of year in which arises the old, old question, How much capital does a man require for starting business in the Stock Exchange? The answer must vary according to circumstances. For a broker starting in a small way a couple of thousand pounds would probably be found ample. I know two men who started as brokers with seven hundred pounds between them, and did a steady, profitable little business until a bad debt came. I know another man, with a capital of £50,000, who is retiring this month because he can't make the business pay: he has lost money consistently for the past five years. On the other hand, I know many brokers who get along very well on a capital of a thousand pounds. Let it be explained that the word "capital" is used as free bank balance, or bank balance plus securities realisable at a moment's notice. What balance a man ought to keep with his banker depends upon the volume of trade he does. A firm of dealers whom I know keep a floating cash balance which is not allowed to fall under £25,000. There must be many others who dispense with the last two ciphers: some who get along with just the pony by itself. These are the days in which banks will lend money on any mortal thing. Contangoes, therefore, trouble nobody, with Lombard Street so accommodating. Two thousand pounds, I venture to repeat, should be found ample for a man or firm starting in a small way of business.

As to office expenses. Take a broker first. The cheapest presentable office he can get will cost him £80 a year; Stock Exchange subscription, £42; unauthorised clerk, salary and subscription—say, £120; telephone, £17; office-boy, £30; telegrams and postage-stamps, £26; stationery (including investment, etc., lists), £20; and sundries will bring it up to £400 a year. This is the very cheapest, I should imagine, upon which a broker can do it, and allows nothing for such necessary luxuries as private telephones. So much for the broker.

The jobber comes off better. He can share one dirty little room up some rickety, worm-eaten staircase, with three other fellows, who pay £60 altogether. One clerk, or two, and an office-boy complete the equipment. The furniture of the office will consist of a table with one castor and a covering of ink, four chairs in advanced stages of dilapidation, a misty mirror, used for cigarette photographs of actresses, jockeys, and Boer War Generals, an electric light with the shade broken, a few beer-bottles, all empty, and hundreds of dust-smothered hat-boxes, equally empty. The window will either not shut or not open, and the door is usually locked, with a notice on it saying "Return in a few minutes. Put stock in letter-box," which is a polite way of asking that transfers may be pushed under the door, to await the weary return of the clerk, who spends his strenuous days in checking a few bargains and playing dominoes, while the office-boy gambles in halfpennies in Shorter's Court. It's well to be a jobber; it's better still (at times) to be his clerk, and even his office-boy has a better time, taking it all round, than

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

## MAPPIN AND WEBB (1908), LTD.

The statutory meeting of the new Mappin and Webb Company was held on the 23rd instant, with Mr. Herbert Mappin presiding, and the shareholders must have been very pleased with the information which the directors were able to give. The whole of the shares and Debentures offered for subscription have been allotted, and the issue was very much overapplied for, so that applicants for 1000 shares or over got only one quarter of what they asked for, while even the smaller fry were considerably cut down.

At the date of the meeting there was only £3536 of the subscription money still unpaid, and all the property purchased (except some of the foreign leaseholds) had been taken over. A Stock Exchange settlement has been applied for and granted, and the trade of the new Company since its inception compares very favourably with the corresponding period during the previous year. That the Company have done the right thing in securing new premises in Paris there can be no doubt, and Mr. Haddock's assurance that the Sheffield factories were so busily employed as to necessitate considerable overtime being worked seems to show that the present bad trade all over the country does not touch specialists of such world-wide fame as Mappin and Webb.

The statements made were so satisfactory and the information given so full that the shareholders seem to have asked no questions and to have gone away, as well they might, in every way satisfied with their investment.

Saturday, March 27, 1909.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month. Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

LUDLOW.—At present we should think it was safe to send stock for sale or money to pay for stock bought. They don't carry on the same speculative business in options and such-like things as the London and Paris.

RUBBER.—See our issue of last week, where your question is answered in "Q's" note.

EAGER.—We have never professed to give tips upon which quick profits can be made without taking up the stock. Write to some of the professedly financial papers.

E. L.—We suggest the following: (1) San Paulo Municipal bonds, paying 6 per cent. (2) Rio de Janeiro new loan, paying over 5 per cent. (3) International Trust Four and a-half Cumulative Preference stock, paying 5 per cent. (4) Some Ordinary stock of a good Argentine Railway, such as Great Southern or Central. You will get 5 per cent. all round, or rather more.

A. D.—The market has been very dull, but the Company is making about £3000 a month. This is all we know.

INQUIET.—The price is about one premium if you want to sell.

## MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Newbury the following may win: Wednesday—Juvenile Selling Plate, Flying Spur; Compton Handicap, Laughing Mirror; Greenham Stakes, Promontory; Berkshire Handicap, Pinshead; Beckhampton Plate, Hackla; Chieveley Handicap, Koul; to-morrow—Two-Year-Old Plate, Sundrop; Wilts Plate, Arnside; Spring Cup, Arranmore; Spring Three-Year Stakes, Sealed Orders; Thatcham Handicap, Carntoi; Spring Produce Stakes, Malpas. At Derby, on Friday: Doveridge Handicap, Duke of Sparta; Drakelow Plate, Dendrobe; Welbeck Handicap, Santarello; Quarndon Handicap, Buckstead; Sudbury Plate, Vain Air; Saturday—Chaddesdon Plate, Juliet II.; Osmaston Plate, Sundrop; Chatsworth Stakes, Wheatear; Derbyshire Plate, Flagship.



## EASTER HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.

VISITORS to the "Land of Pines and Sunshine" for the coming Easter holiday will have no difficulty in finding a train to suit their convenience, as, in order to obviate the possibility of confusion and crush, so prevalent at holiday times, the London and South Western Railway Company have adopted the bold experiment of putting on a special "half-hourly" service of express trains from Waterloo to Bournemouth between 1.20 and 8.20 p.m. on Thursday, April 8, for which ordinary and week-end tickets will be issued. Programmes, giving full particulars of special arrangements and cheap tickets for the Easter holidays, can be obtained of the District Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station.

The Great Northern Railway Company's Easter excursion programme contains an extensive and varied list of facilities for holiday-makers. On Thursday, April 8, there are excursions for five, six, or nine days to the chief towns on their line in the Midlands and the North Country; and on the same day, for five, eight, or eighteen days, to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Perth, Inverness, etc. On the other days of the holiday arrangements have been made for a large variety of excursions at cheap fares. Copies of the Easter Excursion Programme, embodying all this information, can be had at any Great Northern station or office, or of the Chief Passenger Agent, King's Cross Station, N.

On referring to the concise little programme issued by the Brighton and South Coast Railway Company, and sent post free on application to the Superintendent of the Line, L. B. & S. C. R., London Bridge, intending holiday-makers will find that complete train and ticket arrangements have been made to suit all sections of the public in the coming Easter vacation, both for home and Continental trips. The exceptional share of sunshine which the many pleasant resorts of the South Coast and the Isle of Wight enjoy, coupled with the protection from the north winds afforded by the magnificent Downs at the rear, causes the South Coast to be selected at Eastertide by a large section of the public.

Easter, paradoxically speaking, is a specially suitable time to go westward in search of balmy breezes and spring flowers, and the Great Western Railway has a special holiday programme. A pamphlet giving full details of all Easter excursions, together with a list of beautifully illustrated travel-books, can be obtained free at all Great Western Railway offices and stations, or direct from the inquiry office, Paddington Station. The 1909 edition of the official

publication, "Holiday Haunts," gives a list of apartments, farmhouse and hotel accommodation and golf-links.

The London and North Western Railway and its connections cover such an extensive area that the company are enabled to offer facilities for reaching a large number of districts with varying attractions, and those in search of recreation during the Easter holidays would do well to peruse the very complete arrangements embodied in the programmes obtainable free of cost at the London town offices and stations. Provincial towns, as well as holiday resorts, are excellently served. Special arrangements have been made for excursions and cheap tickets from the Wednesday before Easter throughout the holiday.

For the Easter holidays the South Eastern and Chatham Railway has an extensive programme of cheap tickets and excursions, both to English resorts and places on the Continent. Full particulars of the Continental and Home Excursions, extension of time for certain return tickets, alterations in train services, etc., are given in the special holiday programme and bills.

Upwards of five hundred places are on the list of stations to which cheap excursions will be run by the Midland Company from St. Pancras during the Easter holidays. The list covers all parts of Mid and North England, Scotland and Ireland, the period for which the tickets are available varying from two to eighteen days. The Easter programme, which can be obtained free on application to the company, is so indexed that travellers may obtain at a glance the information they require as to times, fares, periods, etc.

Special arrangements have been made by the Great Eastern Railway for passengers during the Easter holidays to obtain tickets in advance at City and West-End booking-offices, as well as at Liverpool Street Station. Full particulars of their Easter programme can be obtained on application to the company. For visiting Holland and Germany during the Easter holidays their British Royal Mail Hook of Holland route offers exceptional facilities, also the service of Danish Royal Mail steamers from Harwich to Esbjerg, on the west coast of Denmark.

To those who are anticipating a restful and health-giving change from the present sphere of worry during the Easter recess, the A B C excursion programme just issued by the Great Central Railway Company will strongly appeal. Within its covers are conveniently tabulated an almost unlimited choice of resorts suitable for all tastes and requirements. Copies of this comprehensive publication may be obtained free at Marylebone Station, the company's town offices and agencies, or by post from G.C.R. Publicity Department, 216, Marylebone Road, N.W.

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